AVENGERS: THE KANG DYNASTY

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Marvel Flip.

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ROSE FEILDS - KANG'S DREAM/VISON 1

Kang strolls through the serene rose fields, his fingers brushing gently against the stalks as he walks, the endless rows stretching before him. The scene is reminiscent of Elysium, tranquil yet haunting in its beauty.

His eyes are drawn to a distant farmhouse, stirring memories of home and family that linger in his heart. The sound of a woman's laughter echoes through the air, bringing a fleeting smile to Kang's face, momentarily lifting his spirit.

The environment exudes tranquility and a sense of belonging.

Kang's daydream breaks, pulling him back to the present reality with a loud crash.

FAST CUTS reveal Kang's intense battle with Antman from Quantumania:

- Antman's relentless assault drives Kang dangerously close to the Multiversal Engine Core.

- Kang's expression changes from confidence to shock as he realizes his impending fate.

- Kang is enveloped by the core's energy, his body beginning to shrink and distort.

- The sequence ends with Kang's consciousness fading as he is drawn into infinity.

2 INT./EXT. MULTIVERSAL ENGINE CORE - COTNINUED 2

TRACK AT HIGH SPEED WITH KANG AS HE PLUMMETS...

Kang's body starts to contract rapidly, his features distorting as he descends into the quantum realm.

As he shrinks, the surroundings become a blur of colors and light, losing all sense of scale and proportion.

His form begins to lose cohesion, becoming an ethereal silhouette amid the chaos.

Kang is propelled through a dazzling array of swirling colors, shapes rapidly shifting around him. The journey feels timeless, each moment stretching endlessly as Kang is hurled through the unknown.

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He glimpses fleeting images of alternate realities, each more bizarre and incomprehensible than the last.

The kaleidoscope of visuals overwhelms Kang, his senses struggling to keep pace with the rapid changes.

Each dimension Kang passes through blends seamlessly into the next, creating a continuous stream of existence which ends up looking like an ACID TRIP.

Kang is SCREAMING.

KANG is SENT hurling out of the multiverse.

3 EXT. THE BEYOND ZONE - CONTINUED 3

A black dot appears, streaking toward us, expanding into a crushing, oppressive dark sphere. We plunge through it, consumed by an unsettling silence. A white sphere follows, racing toward us, a mirror of the first, both portals — endless holes devouring everything in their wake.

We fall deeper into an abyss, hurtling through a four-dimensional spiral — light and darkness flashing in rapid succession, each transition a violent, blinding flicker. The air vibrates with an unsettling hum, almost like a distorted whisper, as Kang struggles to grasp onto the nothingness, his fingers scraping at the void, unable to hold on.

Kang descends toward a smaller, glass-like sphere, its surface smooth but ominous, shimmering like cracked ice. This is no mere wormhole—inside it, there are no stars. Instead, endless, writhing threads of world lines pulse and twist like serpents in the void, fragmented paths stretching through reality, infinitely splintering.

He plunges into the sphere, his existence stretching behind him as his singular world line unravels into chaos. His past and future shatter, splitting into infinite possibilities, each one more twisted than the last, and they spiral toward him, suffocating him with their overwhelming volume.

Kang is no longer a man, but a broken point in a web of reality, helpless as the fabric of time contorts around him. His world line snaps and splinters, stretching into horrifying reflections, distorted and fractured like broken glass.

He's pulled deeper, spiraling toward a narrow, square-shaped tunnel — an entryway into the heart of madness, where even the light seems to tremble in fear.

Kang desperately stretches his arms, his fingers brushing the
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jagged edges of the tunnel, each contact sending jolts through his body. He claws at the shifting walls, kicking at the fragmented 'bricks,' trying to slow his rapid descent.

His breathing is ragged, panic rising as he fights for control. Finally, the fall halts, the chaos around him momentarily stilled. He hovers in a disorienting silence, his chest heaving.

Confusion clouds his gaze as he reaches out, fingers trembling, touching the cold, unyielding surface of the tunnel. Something isn't right. The walls seem to bend beneath his touch, warping and flickering like a mirage, and Kang stares at them, trying to comprehend the impossible.

Energy swirls chaotically around Kang, colors and shapes defying logical explanation. A moment of vulnerability as Kang realizes the isolation of this strange dimension.

Kang stands motionless, absorbing the eerie silence surrounding him. Kang's eyes CLOSE.

KANG
(softly)
Ravonna.

As KANG whispers HER name, the air is filled with longing and regret, into the vast emptiness around him.

FADE TO:

4

4 EXT. KANG AMPHITHEATER

At the end of time.

The Kang Amphitheater sprawls like a colossal alien cathedral, built from dark, shimmering metal. The air is thick with the sound of wailing chants in an ancient, menacing language.

CAMERA SWEEPS OVER:

Legions of KANG VARIANTS, clad in ominous, battle-worn armor, kneeling in perfect rows. Their heads are bowed, eyes rolled back, locked in a trance-like state. Their voices rise and fall in unison, forming an otherworldly dirge.

At the forefront, a withered KANG PRIEST—his skin cracked and eyes glowing red—raises skeletal hands to the sky. His voice pierces through the chants, leading the ritual.

KANG PRIEST
(ancient tongue, subtitled)
Blood will bind. Blood will fuel.
Blood will rule.

The Kang soldiers lift ornate blood bowls to their lips, drinking deeply before passing them ritualistically. Blood smears their faces like warpaint.

CAMERA PUSHES IN: At the center of the amphitheater, 'X'-shaped crosses line the main altar. Streams of dark red blood flow like rivers, pooling in alien channels etched into the floor.

Crucified on the crosses are variants of the X-Men—Professor X, Magneto, Wolverine, Storm, Beast, Cyclops, and others, their bodies battered and broken.

CLOSE-UP SHOTS:

Professor X's head slumped forward, blood trickling from his temple.

Magneto, his helmet shattered, glaring defiantly despite his torment.

Wolverine, his claws extended, dripping crimson.

The variants are unmistakably from iconic Fox X-Men films—Days of Future Past, First Class, X2, The Last Stand etc.

The Kang Priest steps forward, his red eyes burning as he addresses the legions.

KANG PRIEST (CONT'D)
(ancient tongue, subtitled)
Their end is the beginning. The blood
of Mutants will birth eternity!

The legions chant louder, their voices shaking the amphitheater.

5 INT. THRONE ROOM - KANG AMPHITHEATER 5

The throne room is a chilling contrast to the chaos outside. The cries of the damned echo alongside erotic wails, forming a grotesque symphony. Shadows twist unnaturally across the walls, cast by candles that ooze black wax.

The air is heavy with the stench of burning incense and blood, the smoke wafting from baskets shaped like screaming faces. Slave girls, draped in translucent gauze, move like phantoms, their bodies adorned with jewels that gli

the eyes of a predator. They dance silently, their eyes hollow and lifeless.

An eerie melody lingers in the air, mingling with the occasional erotic wails of unseen revelers.

In the shadows sits IMMORTUS, his presence overwhelming even in silence. His jeweled cloak glints faintly in the candlelight.

Before him stand RAMA-TUT, his robotic limbs kneeling eagerly, clutching his golden staff like a supplicant's crutch. THE CENTURION, broad-shouldered and unyielding, stands apart-refusing to kneel. His cyborg-like armor is streaked with battle scars.

For a long moment, Immortus remains motionless, his fingers lightly tapping the armrest of his throne. Rama-Tut glances up nervously before bowing his head lower.

THE CENTURION
Some of the Council members have gone missing.
(beat)
Hunted, perhaps. Eliminated.
(leaning forward)
If you're vison is so divine, why do we bleed, why do our own vanish-without a trace? Can you still protect the Kang Dynasty, Immortus?

WETS

Immortus stirs. Slowly, he raises a hand. The Centurion's body jerks violently as an invisible force wraps around his throat, lifting him off the ground.

Immortus' voice is calm, measured, yet filled with menace.

IMMORTUS
Doubt… is a seed. Left unchecked, it grows into rebellion.
(beat)
I suggest you kneel… before the seed takes root.

With a sharp motion, Immortus slams the Centurion to the marble floor. Rama-Tut grins, his expression gleeful.

Immortus steps forward, his imposing form emerging from the shadows. His cloak sparkles with rare jewels—diamonds and emeralds from far-flung universes. He ascends a marble platform, bathed in light that seems to emanate from nowhere.

The dancers writhe around him, their movements more frenzied.

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Rama-Tut wipes the sweat from his brow, his eyes gleaming with adoration.

IMMORTUS (CONT'D)
(as if addressing the room)
My divinity has been questioned, but it is that same divinity that brings us The Holy Nega-Bands and the Sacred Rings… The sacred relics of the first Multiversal War.

Rama-Tut gasps, his voice trembling.

RAMA-TUT
The Ten Rings? The holy bands? I thought them to be mere legends.

IMMORTUS
Their signal is clear, emanating from Earth-616.

The Centurion, still kneeling, looks up in disbelief.

THE CENTURION
That's impossible. They've been extinct for eons! No Kang has ever found them.

Immortus smirks faintly, his expression unreadable.

IMMORTUS
It seems, 'The Exiled One' was hunting them. His Time-Chair revealed their location.
(beat)
Now, they rightfully belong to us.

The dancers in the background, reach deeper into the heights of their tortured bodies.

He activates a hologram, displaying Earth-616 and the pulsating energy signatures of Shang-Chi's Ten Rings and Ms. Marvel's Nega-Bands. The hologram shifts, showing the energy from the relics, fusing and "cleansing" entire timelines.

RAMA-TUT
(awed)
And with them, we can rid the multiverse of the X-Men!
(nods slightly)
And the Fantastic Four…

Rama-Tut's eyes glow with savage excitement.

IMMORTUS
I propose we eliminate them all. From every timeline. Every single one of them.

Immortus extends his arms, gesturing towards the hologram display of Earth-616.

IMMORTUS (CONT'D)
We begin with Earth-616. This world has become… problematic.
(beat)
Once it is purged, the relics' energy from the adamantium in Rings and Holy Bands will power a device capable of rewriting all of reality…
(a sly smile)
In our image. In our name.

The dancers spin wildly, their movements reaching a fever pitch. Immortus activates another hologram, showing the energy flowing through a massive conduit, bending timelines to his will.

WETAS

IMMORTUS (CONT'D)
Every Avenger, every mutant… every "hero" will burn. The multiverse will be divinely… ours.
(beat)
The spoils and joys will be endless, every happiness, every desire... every pleasure will be ours. The Kang Dynasty shall rule supreme!

RAMA-TUT
Oh, holy Immortus!

Rama-Tut, shuffles towards Immortus, his robotic-limbs CLANKING on the marble floor. Rama-Tut lowers his warped body, head following his hands before Immortus.

The Centurion hesitates but finally lowers his head, reluctantly submitting.

6 EXT. AMPHITHEATER - NIGHT 6

The KANG LEGIONS rise in perfect unison, thrusting their weapons into the air. A deafening, guttural war cry erupts, echoing across the storm-battered amphitheater.

7 INT. THRONE ROOM - NIGHT 7

Immortus watches the storm through the towering window, his

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expression a mix of satisfaction and hunger for more. His devilish laughter echoes as the storm intensifies.

LOKI (V.O)
The Multiverse will fall.

8 EXT. YGGDRASIL - CONTINUED 8

Yggdrasil, the massive cosmic, tree-like structure that holds together the multiverse and all of time. In the center of it all: LOKI, the god of stories, sits atop his throne. CLUTCHING the timelines, tightly.

His throne against a vast cosmic, multiversal backdrop, his presence both imposing and solemn.

LOKI (V.O)
He Who Remains' words stand as a warning. A prophecy. The Sacred Timeline will fall. All of the multiverse will fall. His variants will burn and destroy…everything.

As his words echo, a montage unfolds, depicting collapsing timelines and disintegrating realities, visually reinforcing Loki's dire warnings.

CLOSE ON: Some of the timelines that Loki is holding onto are slowly BURNING away.

Images of various realities flicker across the screen, each facing imminent destruction. The chaos spreads across multiple dimensions, emphasizing the widespread nature of the threat.

The visuals become increasingly chaotic, mirroring Loki's foreboding words. A sense of dread builds as more realities succumb to the impending doom.

9 INT. HALLWAYS - TVA - CONTINUED 9

Mobius and B-15 walk briskly through the bustling corridors of the TVA headquarters, their faces etched with concern.

LOKI (V.O)
They will reduce the Multiverse to ashes. For the Multiverse is Athens a pile of stone and wood and cloth and dust… and as dust will vanish into darkness forever.

10

10 INT/EXT. YGGDRASIL/TVA - CONTINUED

Loki's gaze shifts from the cosmic chaos to potential heroes across different realities: Wolverine, Deadpool, Tobey Maguire/Spider-Man, Andrew Garfield/Spider-Man and the members of the Fantasic Four family: Reed Richards, Sue Storm, Ben Grimm/The Thing, Johnny Storm and Franklin Richards (aged 13). TVA Battle agents surround them.

A file is placed before them by a weary Mobius. The dimly lit conference room also displays holographic images of Kang variants on the move and various, crumbling timelines.

CLOSE ON: File reads: **Multiverse Avengers Army.**

Glimpses of various heroes preparing for battle are shown, highlighting their readiness.

FAST CUTS OF: TVA agents running drills in a large training facility, their movements precise and disciplined.

Agents are seen reviewing data on handheld devices, analyzing Kang variant patterns and weaknesses.

The montage ends with a lingering focus on Loki's determined expression, hinting at the coming battle.

He peers intently at the timelines, noticing subtle shifts and splits that signal impending disasters.

Suddenly, his demeanor changes. He looks out at the vast multiverse before him, the branches ever growing and forming.

LOKI
(reacting in horror)
No.. We needed more time...

The screen FADES to BLACK, and Loki's voice echoes with a note of uncertainty.

Roll Main Titles.

AVENGERS: T H E K A N G D Y N A S T Y

11 INT. BEDROOM - SCOTT LANG'S APARTMENT - DAY 11

OVER BLACK: Kang's screams can be heard. Haunting.

SCOTT LANG jerks awake in a cold sweat, his heavy breathing echoing in the silent room. The dim lighting casts eerie shadows, as he clutches the damp sheets.

SCOTT LANG
(whispers, disoriented)
No, no, no... not again...

The flash of Scott's helplessness as he's trapped in an endless warping time loop. The echoes of Kang's prophetic words repeat in his mind. Sitting up, Scott rubs his temples, desperately trying to dispel the haunting visions.

His eyes land on a framed photo of him and Cassie, smiling together, which sits on the bedside table. It's a reminder of everything he's fighting for, everything he's trying to protect.

CASSIE
(voice only)
Dad, we're in this together. You always say that, right?

Scott closes his eyes, that memory bringing him some grounding comfort, but the sense of dread still looms. He pulls the blanket off himself and slowly gets out of bed.

SCOTT LANG
(softly to himself; panic rising)
Focus, Scott. Focus. You've gotta' keep it together...

Scott picks up his phone, looks at it. No calls.

He begins pacing the room, his movements quick, erratic. He grabs his phone from the table, but his fingers hesitate as he scrolls through his contacts. He stops at "Happy Hogan" and "SAM/CAP WILSON".

Both names bring a wave of guilt, knowing they've been unreachable for so long.

SCOTT LANG (CONT'D)
Screw it.

Scott presses dial on his phone. Straight to voicemail.

12 INT. LIVING ROOM - SCOTT LANG'S APARTMENT - DAY 12

We pan around Scott Lang's messy home. Papers cluttered everywhere, we get a shred of anxiety the longer we stare at his room.

Scott paces back and forth as he leaves a desperate, paranoia filled voice mail to Happy Hogan.

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SCOTT LANG
Uh, hey Happy. I know you're screening my calls—or maybe it's the whole team screening my calls—but, uh, listen. I've been trying to reach Cap. Or… anyone. Anyone still wearing tights, really. It's kind of important. Universe-ending important.
(beat, more frantic)
You know, not to toot my own horn or anything, but I did help save the universe once. Thanos? The Blip? Does that ring a bell? You know, short-term memory loss is a thing, but—wait, no, sorry, that was rude. I didn't mean it like that.
(he stops pacing, rubbing his temple)
Okay, look, I'm just… I need someone to call me back. Anyone. Honestly, at this point, I'd settle for like, an Ant-Man pager. Maybe a little ant-shaped light in the sky—no, wait, forget that, that's not the point.
(he exhales, voice trembling)
The point is—I think I did something. Something bad. I—I might've… opened something. Floodgates. I don't even know anymore, but it's big. I know how crazy this sounds, I do, but I can't sleep. I see him everywhere. His face, his voice, it's… it's like he's still here.
(Scott pauses, swallowing hard as his voice softens, his tone almost pleading)
Hope… Hope doesn't get it. She's trying to help, but—I've been pulling away. I'm not okay. I'm not okay, Happy.
(he stares at the phone, gripping it tightly, his breathing uneven)
Please. Please just… call me back.

Scott slowly lowers the phone, the voicemail ending with a faint beep as he stares into the distance, visibly shaken. His body slumps against the wall as he slides down to sit on the floor, staring blankly at the phone in his hand. The feeling of isolation is suffocating. He's a hero—a *former* hero—but now he's just... lost.

The room grows colder, and Scott sits in the silence of his own mind. The weight of Kang's warning, his prophecy of

(CONTINUED)

something far worse, gnaws at him.

13 INT. EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL - DAY 13

The lecture hall is bustling with students. PETER PARKER and MILES MORALES sit in the back row of a packed classroom. They're both dressed in casual attire—hoodies, jeans—but there's an unspoken sense that they're more than just students.

The professor at the front of the room is PROFESSOR WILLIAMS, an eccentric physics teacher with wild hair and thick glasses, rattling on about Newton's laws.

Peter and Miles share a quiet moment, exchanging whispers. Their camaraderie is undeniable, built on recent, countless adventures, shared victories, and a deep friendship forged in the chaos of being Spider-Man.

They both have their laptops open, half-focused on the lecture, half-focused on each other.

Peter's posture slouches slightly, his face betraying a mix of fatigue and deep thought. Miles leans slightly toward him, whispering low enough not to disturb the class.

PETER
So, after we swung through Midtown last night... you actually stopped the robbery with just your webbing and a clipboard? A clipboard, Miles?

MILES
Hey, man, it was effective. I called it "Paperwork Justice." You should try it sometime—might save you from all those punches.

PETER
I'll stick to the punches for now. Less paperwork, more punching.

Their lighthearted exchange is interrupted as PROFESSOR WILLIAMS calls on the class.

PROFESSOR WILLIAMS
Peter! Can you explain Newton's Third Law for the class?

Peter freezes. For a moment, his mind goes blank. The world around him blurs. The laughter fades as he stares down at his desk, the weight of his own thoughts pressing down. His hand tightens around the edge of his notebook.

PROFESSOR WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Peter? Newton's Third Law?

The students begin to glance toward him, some looking bored, others impatient.

Miles notices Peter's hesitation. His gaze softens, sensing the shift in his friend's demeanor. Miles leans over, nudging Peter with a gentle elbow.

MILES
(Whispering, supportive)
Hey, you've got this. Don't stress, alright?

Peter blinks, snapping out of his fog. He takes a deep breath, trying to shake the feeling of being overwhelmed. His eyes flicker briefly to the clock, but he regains his focus.

PETER
(*loud enough for the class, with a small chuckle*)
Right! So, uh, Newton's Third Law... "For every action, there's an equal and opposite reaction," right? Like when I punch someone and they... uh... punch back.

The class stares at him silently with confusion, then suddenly The class chuckles. Peter gives a quick, self-deprecating smile, but the tension still lingers in his eyes.

He looks at Miles, mouthing a quiet "Thanks" as the professor moves on.

PROFESSOR WILLIAMS
Okayyy, And that class, is why we should remain focused on the lecture at hand... And keeping our mental health in check Mr. Parker.

The students begin to pack up. Peter and Miles exchange a glance. They stand up to leave, but Peter lingers for a moment, checking his phone. He scrolls idly, distracted.

The screen shows a picture of MJ with Ned at MIT, laughing, surrounded by friends. Peter swipes down, and his face tightens. He stops at a photo of MJ kissing her new boyfriend. His chest tightens, the weight of the image sinking in.

MILES
(walking ahead, oblivious to what Peter's looking at)
Man, you ever think we should come up with a cool duo name? Like Spider-Pals? Something with more pizzazz, you know?

Peter's face is still clouded, his fingers frozen on the phone screen. He doesn't reply at first, the hurt visible in his eyes. Miles turns back, noticing Peter's distant look.

MILES (CONT'D)
(concerned, softly)
Pete...?

Peter looks up, blinking. He swipes the phone screen off quickly, as if trying to hide his feelings. He forces a small, half-hearted smile, his voice slightly strained.

PETER
(trying to joke, though it falls flat)
Yeah, uh... I was thinking something more... you know, edgy. Like Spider-Bros, or... whatever.

WIRED

Miles isn't fooled. He steps up to Peter, placing a hand on his shoulder.

MILES
(gently)
Hey. It's gonna be alright, Pete. You've got... everything. And everyone you need.

Peter nods, still trying to mask his pain, but the truth of Miles' words lingers.

MILES (CONT'D)
(teasing, trying to lighten the mood)
Okay, but let's be real—'Spider-Pals'? That sounds like a rejected name for a 90s cereal. I can already hear the opps'
(In a high pitched voice)
"Seriously? That's your brand?"

They step out of the classroom, Miles glancing over as Peter's mood shifts slightly. Noticing the tension creeping back, Miles leans in, trying to keep the vibe light.

MILES (CONT'D)
By the way, we're super late and if Joe doesn't kill us, he's definitely docking our tips. Pretty sure being Spider-Men doesn't cover 'late for pizza delivery' insurance.

PETER
Honestly, I'm starting to think we just live in a constant state of 'late.'

MILES
Right? It's our brand at this point. Spider-Men: saving the world, one awkward apology to Joe at a time.

PETER
(smirking)
Add that to the poster.

MILES
I'm just saying, maybe Joe could cut us some slack. Like, "Sorry we're late, but we were too busy stopping a guy with a paste gun from gluing up the city." That's gotta earn us at least a free soda, right?

PETER
Yeah, I'll bring it up. Right after he's done yelling at us. And whatever you do, don't diss "Trapster"—that glue gun was actually pretty high-tech.

MILES
Cool, but when we're stuck cleaning marinara off the ceiling? I'm blaming you.

Peter shakes his head, laughing softly as they walk off, Miles' banter managing to chip away at the tension, one bad joke at a time.

Peter laughs genuinely now, even though it doesn't reach his eyes completely. They head for the exit, slipping into their backpacks as they move into the bustling hallway.

14 EXT. EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY - OUTSIDE - DAY 14

The air is crisp. Students walk through the campus, but Peter and Miles aren't walking. They've already slipped into their

CONTINUED:

Spider-Man suits underneath their civilian clothes—just the masks remain.

They exchange one last look, and with a sudden synchronized leap, they swing into the sky. The city's skyline spreads out before them.

15 EXT. CRUMBLING CITY - NIGHT (KAMALA'S NIGHTMARE) 15

The screen is hazy, flickering with static and distortion. Through the blur, we see the POV of someone running—panting breaths echoing. The figure's arms stretch forward, glowing with an all-too-familiar amber light. They form constructs similar to Kamala Khan's powers.

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)
Kamala… Kamala, listen to me!

The camera spins wildly. A massive building collapses ahead, sending debris flying everywhere. The voice becomes clearer now—it's MONICA RAMBEAU.

MONICA (O.S.)
You don't understand! It's all connected. You need to—

WEFTS

The sound cuts out. The glow in the figure's hands flickers and fades as the city implodes. Kamala SCREAMS—then the screen goes black.

16 INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 16

Kamala jolts awake at her desk, gasping for air, sweat glistening on her forehead. The classroom is eerily quiet. She blinks, disoriented, realizing she's the only one left.

Her bangles, partially hidden under her sleeves, glowing faintly for a moment before dimming. She glances down, clutching them nervously, her heart still racing.

KAMALA
Great. Just great.

She rubs her eyes and looks around. Desks are empty, chairs pushed back haphazardly. A CLOCK on the wall shows it's well past the bell.

Kamala jumps to her feet, grabs her backpack, and heads toward the door. But as she does, she notices her notebook lying open on the desk. A crude doodle of a crumbling city and glowing hands stares back at her.

KAMALA (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
What is happening to me?

17 EXT. ROOFTOP - LATE AFTERNOON 17

A quiet rooftop overlooking Jersey City. The sun sets in the distance, casting a warm glow over the skyline. Carol Danvers sits casually on the edge of the building, arms resting on her knees, while Kamala paces nervously behind her.

KAMALA
Okay, I know I've said this like… fifty times already, but these dreams—they're not normal, right? I mean, they can't just be normal, right?

CAROL
(relaxed, glancing out at the horizon)
Nightmares happen, Kamala. Stress, hormones—

KAMALA
(interrupting)
No, Carol, this isn't, like, "I forgot my math homework" kind of stress. I'm seeing things. Places I've never been, people I don't know… but they feel so real.

Carol finally turns to look at her, intrigued but still skeptical.

CAROL
And this figure you're seeing—she's using powers like yours?

KAMALA
Exactly like mine. Same light, same everything. And Monica's voice—she's warning me about something.

Kamala stops pacing and leans against a railing, her frustration bubbling over.

KAMALA (CONT'D)
Please, I don't know what's happening to me, but I feel like it's all connected. The dreams, the bangles, everything.

Carol takes a deep breath, watching Kamala closely. (CONTINUED)

back, folding her arms as she considers her next words.

CAROL
Alright. Let's figure it out.

18 EXT. KAMAR-TAJ - DAY 18

Carol and Kamala step into the ancient sanctuary of Kamar-Taj. Mystic energy hums faintly in the air.

WONG, arms crossed, greets them at the entrance.

WONG
(half-sarcastic)
Ah, Captain Marvel. And… Miss Marvel.
To what do we owe the pleasure?
Another galactic catastrophe?

CAROL
(smirking)
Not yet. Just here for answers.

KAMALA
(nervously)
Yeah, uh, no pressure or anything, but I think my bangles might be breaking into another universe.

Wong's sarcastic demeanor fades instantly. Kamala holds up her bangles, smiling sheepishly.

19 INT. KAMAR-TAJ - INNER CHAMBER 19

Wong listens intently as Kamala explains her nightmares and the visions. She removes the bangles, placing them on the table in front of him. Wong carefully inspects them.

WONG
These are not just an heirloom, Kamala.

KAMALA
(stammering)
Well, yeah, I kinda' figured that when it started glowing and letting me punch through dimensions.

WONG
(looking at Carol)
This very well could be another beacon. Just like those Ten Rings. Except these attracting attention... Possibly across the multiverse.

CAROL
What kind of attention?

WONG
The kind that doesn't knock politely. Kamala, every time you use it, you're sending ripples. Those ripples are destabilizing the walls between realities.

KAMALA
So… you're saying I broke the universe?

WONG
(flatly)
Not yet. But you're trying.

Kamala slumps in her seat. Wong's tone softens as he steps closer.

WONG (CONT'D)
You need to stop using it. At least until we can figure out what's happening.
(looks at Carol)
This could very well be connected to the Ten Rings. I have to warn Shang-Chi and Bruce.

20 INT. WEST COAST FACILITY - DAY 20

Shang-Chi stands beside Bruce Banner, Skaar and Jennifer Walters (She-Hulk) in a high-tech lab. Skaar is helping Bruce with the setup, adjusting some equipment.

The Ten Rings hover in a containment field as Bruce examines them on a monitor.

SHANG-CHI
(skeptical)
So, let me get this straight—you're saying these rings might not be from this world?

BRUCE
(typing, focused)
Not this world. Not even this universe.

JENNIFER
Which, in layman's terms, means "We have no idea what's going on."

CONTINUED:

SHANG-CHI
Great. So we're dealing with multiverse-level stuff now? What is that- Like Doctor Strange territory?

JENNIFER
(teasing)
Maybe the Rings are from a really cool dimension where everyone's just... way more chill?

BRUCE
Focus, you two.

SKAAR
(rolling his eyes, messing with some equipment)
Yeah, "focus." That's definitely my thing.

He pulls a lever, and a spark shoots out. Skaar glances at Bruce, a bit nervous.

SKAAR (CONT'D)
(half-laughing, shrugging)
Whoops. My bad, Dad.

WELLS

BRUCE
(with a dry look)
Yeah, being a dad? It's going great.

JENNIFER
(grinning)
At least it's not boring.

BRUCE
It's a special kind of chaos.

A PORTAL suddenly opens nearby. Wong steps through, looking more urgent than usual.

WONG
(to Bruce)
We have a problem.

BRUCE
Yeah, you don't exactly portal in for casual conversation.

WONG
Those rings… they're tied to something bigger. Something dangerous.

SHANG-CHI
How much bigger are we talking?

WONG
Big enough that you all should stop whatever tests you're running. Don't touch them until I get back.

Shang-Chi exchanges a look with Bruce and Jennifer, realizing the gravity of the situation. He nods.

SHANG-CHI
Alright. We'll wait.

Wong disappears back into the portal, leaving them in tense silence as the rings continue to glow ominously in the containment field.

21 EXT. WAKANDA - DAY 21

The vibrant nation of Wakanda rises before us, nestled by a golden sun.

22 INT. WAKANDA - ROYAL TECHNOLOGY LAB - DAY 22

The lab is alive with energy—a stunning blend of advanced Wakandan technology and the unique touches of its newest inhabitants.

Riri Williams, in a corner, tunes her 'Ironheart' suit, sparks flying as she adjusts a gauntlet.

Joaquin Torres, now donning the sleek, upgraded Falcon wings, tests his agility in a holographic training simulation.

"Rhodey" (James Rhodes), as War Machine, stands nearby, fiddling with his armor's targeting system.

Sam Wilson, wearing his Captain America uniform but without the shield, stands apart, gazing out of the window at Wakanda's vibrant landscape. He's deep in thought, the weight of the moment evident on his face.

Shuri enters the room, her movements elegant but deliberate. She approaches Sam, who doesn't notice her at first.

SHURI
You'll wear a hole in the floor if you keep pacing like that, Captain.

Sam snaps out of his thoughts and turns to her, offering a faint smile.

SAM
Just… thinking.

SHURI
Hmm. That's a dangerous habit these days.

Shuri steps beside him, both now gazing out at the bustling Wakandan city below. The hum of the lab and the chatter of his team continue in the background.

SAM
I've been at this non-stop since…Trying to bring everyone back together.

He nods toward the team, where Riri and Joaquin share a laugh as Riri's suit accidentally sparks, singeing Joaquin's sleeve.

SAM (CONT'D)
These kids? They're good. Smart, brave. But it's not just about being good. It's about being ready.

WELLS

SHURI
(skeptical)
And you don't think they're ready?

SAM
It's not them I'm worried about.

He turns to her, lowering his voice as if not to let the others hear.

SAM (CONT'D)
Strange is who-knows-where. Thor? Off-world. Half the team doesn't even want to be found. And Steve—

He pauses, the name hanging in the air. Shuri watches him carefully.

SAM (CONT'D)
Steve had a way of making all this look easy. Bringing people together, making them believe. I'm trying, but… it's different now.

Shuri considers his words, her expression softening. She places a hand on his shoulder.

SHURI
Steve was… Steve. But you? You are Sam Wilson. You took that shield when the world wasn't sure if it was ready for someone like you. And yet, here you are.

SAM
(smiling faintly)
Yeah, but the world doesn't wait for you to catch up, does it?

Across the room, Riri waves a hand in the air, chiming in without looking up from her work.

RIRI
(cheerfully)
You know, we could just solve this whole "missing Avengers" thing with a portal or two.

Sam chuckles, shaking his head, as Rhodey raises an eyebrow at Riri.

RHODEY
(sarcastic)
Oh, sure, because throwing up random portals always ends well. Let me guess—step two is a giant robot fight?

Riri smirks, not looking up from her work.

RIRI
Hey, it's not my fault tech solves everything.

RHODEY
(firmly, but not unkindly)
It's not that simple, kid. You think fixing this is just about fancy gadgets? Half the fight is keeping everyone on the same page. And trust me, that's the hard part.

JOAQUIN
So… what you're saying is, we're already behind?

Rhodey snorts, shaking his head.

RHODEY
Let's just say, teamwork gets a lot messier when the stakes are this high.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sam looks back at Shuri, who is now watching the team with a calculating expression.

SHURI
You have heart, Sam. That's clear. But heart alone will not defeat what's out there.

Her words cut through the air, but they aren't cruel—more challenging, as if she's testing him. Sam straightens, his resolve returning.

SAM
You're right. I don't have Steve's serum, or Thor's hammer, or Strange's fancy hand gestures. But I've got them.

He gestures toward the team: Riri, Joaquin, and Rhodey, who are now engaged in a lively debate about tactical strategies. Shuri follows his gaze, her expression softening slightly.

SAM (CONT'D)
They're young, yeah. And we're not exactly the Avengers people are used to. But when the time comes? They'll fight for each other. For the world. And that's what matters.

SHURI
(nods slowly)
And Wakanda will be there to always support you, Captain. Whatever resources you need, we will provide.

Sam offers a grateful smile, the weight on his shoulders lifting just slightly.

SAM
Thank you, Shuri.

SHURI
(half-smiling)
Don't thank me yet. You've got a long road ahead of you.

Sam turns back to the team, his resolve now solidified. The camera lingers on his face for a moment before cutting to Riri accidentally setting off a small explosion on her suit. Joaquin dives behind a table for cover.

RIRI
(laughing nervously)
Uh… I can fix that!

JOAQUIN
(mocking)
Yeah, totally ready for the big leagues.

Sam chuckles, shaking his head as he steps toward them.

23 EXT. BEYOND ZONE - ENDLESS VOID 23

The screen opens to pure blackness, save for faint, otherworldly cracks of shimmering light in the distance.

The Beyond Zone stretches infinitely, a desolate wasteland where no life should exist. The faint sound of distant screams creeps into the air, barely audible at first, before growing louder with each of Kang's footsteps. Each step crunches on an invisible surface that seems to shift beneath him like broken glass suspended in nothingness.

KANG THE CONQUEROR walks alone. His face is stoic, but his eyes betray him—haunted, sunken, tired.

The distant screams grow louder, no longer ignorable, carrying with them a disturbing familiarity. Kang's footsteps falter, and he stops.

KANG
(quietly)
Not again…

The screams transform into distorted echoes—voices from his past. They call out to him, overlapping in a maddening cacophony.

VOICE 1 (DISTORTED)
You promised us!

VOICE 2 (DISTORTED)
Why didn't you stop it?

VOICE 3 (DISTORTED)
It's all gone because of you.

Kang's expression hardens, but his hands tremble. Suddenly, a fleeting image flashes in his mind—a rose field, a woman laughing, That same woman hanging wet clothes on a laundry. It's a memory, painfully vivid, but it's snatched away just as quickly as it appeared.

The screams intensify. Kang grips his head, stumbling forward. The void around him begins to twist and distort. The air feels heavy, like it's suffocating him.

KANG
(whispering, pained)
Stop…

He drops to one knee, his body trembling. As the screams swirl around him, a soft, childlike voice cuts through the chaos, clear and cold.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)
Why didn't you come back for us?

Kang freezes. His head snaps up. Standing before him is the spectral figure of a young boy, no older than eight. The boy's eyes are hollow, filled with sadness and accusation. The faint glow of Kang's armor reflects in the boy's gaze, which is unblinking.

KANG
(breathless)
…You're not real.

The boy takes a step closer. His voice trembles, quiet but cutting.

CHILD
Why didn't you save us?

Kang stares at the boy, frozen. More flashes flood his mind—his wife's face, her smile, the sound of laughter—but they're quickly overtaken by images of fire, destruction, and the child's screaming. Kang stumbles back, shaking his head.

KANG
I couldn't… I tried…

The boy steps even closer, his presence unshakable. His voice grows louder, tinged with sorrow.

CHILD
You promised. You promised!

Kang collapses to the ground, his voice trembling, broken.

KANG
Am I dead?

The boy tilts his head, almost curious, and shakes it slowly.

CHILD
No. Not yet.

KANG
(whispering)
Do you know where I am?

CHILD
(cryptically)
Mother said I have your eyes.

Kang's face falls, his resolve shattering. He looks away, trying to bury the wave of emotions rising within him.

KANG
No… no. You're not real.

The boy kneels beside him now, his voice softening, but it cuts like a knife.

CHILD
Why didn't you come back for us? You let us die.

Kang's breath catches in his throat. He shuts his eyes tightly, fists clenching as tears threaten to fall.

KANG
I… I'll fix it. I'll bring you back. I'll find a way.

CHILD
(sorrowful, shaking his head)
You won't. You never do.

Kang reaches out for the boy, desperate, but the spectral figure begins to fade, dissolving into the air like smoke. Kang cries out, his voice cracking.

KANG
No! Wait!

Suddenly, a faint voice echoes from the surrounding darkness—a voice Kang knows all too well.

FAMILIAR VOICE (O.S.)
Nathaniel... please, come back.

Kang's head snaps up, eyes wide with recognition.

KANG
Ravonna?!

CONTINUED:

He scrambles to his feet, turning wildly in every direction, searching for her. But the void offers no answer. The voice fades into silence. The screams return, louder, more chaotic. Kang stands frozen, the weight of his guilt crushing him.

Then, a low hum begins to build. The air above crackles with energy.

The probability storm manifests around him, warping the void into shifting fragments of broken realities. Suddenly, clones of Kang begin to materialize—twisted, distorted reflections of himself.

Their forms flicker like ghosts, but their eyes burn with the same hunger for power that lives within him.

CLONE 1
You failed them.

CLONE 2
You're weak.

CLONE 3
You don't deserve to conquer anything.

The clones multiply rapidly, surrounding him in an ever-growing swarm. They begin to mock him, their voices overlapping, their laughter echoing. Kang stumbles back, his breathing ragged, as they close in.

KANG
Stop it!

One of the clones lunges at him, and Kang instinctively fights back, striking the figure. But as the clone disintegrates, two more take its place. The battlefield becomes chaos—Kang fighting himself, his worst impulses, his darkest fears. Each strike feels heavier, each blow a reminder of his failures.

The storm intensifies, warping reality further. The clones' faces shift, some becoming Ravonna, others becoming the child. Their voices taunt him, accusatory and cruel.

CLONES (VOICES OVERLAPPING)
You can't escape us. You're nothing.
You're a failure.

Kang falls to his knees, clutching his head as the storm tears through him, fracturing his mind. The clones surround him, their laughter and accusations growing deafening. Kang screams into the void, his voice drowned by the chaos.

24 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - LATE AFTERNOON 24

The city is alive with its usual symphony of chaos—honking taxis, rushing pedestrians, street vendors yelling out deals. Above it all, two figures swing through the bustling skyline: Miles Morales and Peter Parker, both in full Spider-Man suits, each balancing precariously large insulated pizza bags on their backs. The golden glow of the setting sun glints off the skyscrapers as they move through the city with practiced ease.

MILES
(over a Bluetooth earpiece)
I'm just saying, Pete, if this whole Spider-Man thing doesn't work out, we could totally go pro in delivery. Fastest pizza slingers in Brooklyn.

SPIDER-MAN
Yeah, except the "pro" part involves actually delivering the pizzas on time, Miles.

MILES
(defensive)
Hey, we're still within the thirty-minute guarantee… I think.

SPIDER-MAN
(skeptical)
Do you even know where this place is?

MILES
Totally. It's, uh… two blocks south of—

Suddenly, the sound of shattering glass cuts through the city noise. Below, a small convenience store erupts into chaos as a masked thief sprints out, clutching a cash register drawer. An older store clerk stumbles out after him, yelling.

STORE CLERK
Thief! Somebody stop him!

Miles immediately slows mid-swing, turning his head toward the commotion.

MILES
Oh, come on. Really? Right now?

SPIDER-MAN
Miles, don't—

Miles already releases his webline and dives toward the thief. Spider-Man groans and follows.

25 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - STREET LEVEL 25

Miles lands on the thief's path, cutting him off. The thief skids to a halt, looking back for another escape route. Before he can react, Spider-Man swings down, landing behind him.

SPIDER-MAN
(sarcastic)
Hey, buddy. You know, if you wanted to skip the line, a simple excuse me would've worked.

The thief swings the cash drawer wildly. Miles effortlessly ducks, glancing at the large pizza bag on his back.

MILES
Hey, Pete, if he hits my bag, do I have to pay for the pizzas?

SPIDER-MAN
Focus, Miles!

W.F.I.T.S

The thief makes a break for it, darting into an alley. Miles and Spider-Man exchange a quick glance.

MILES
Race you.

SPIDER-MAN
Miles, no—

Miles takes off, leaping to the side of the alley wall and running along it with acrobatic precision. Spider-Man groans and follows, sticking to the opposite wall. As they pursue the thief, he checks his watch.

SPIDER-MAN (CONT'D)
(low, muttering)
Joe's gonna kill us.

26 EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS 26

The thief scrambles toward a fire escape ladder, climbing quickly. Miles fires a web at the ladder, yanking it down with the thief still clinging to it. The thief drops to the ground, dazed.

MILES
And that's why they call me Miles

CONTINUED:

MILES (CONT'D)
Morales, Friendly Neighborhood—

SPIDER-MAN
(cutting in)
Less banter, more tying him up.

Miles shrugs and quickly webs the thief to the ladder. The thief struggles against the sticky webbing as Spider-Man approaches, glancing at his watch again.

PETER
Two minutes left on the clock.

MILES
(mock serious)
Two minutes? No problem. We're like Spider-FedEx.

Spider-Man shakes his head, already firing a webline toward the nearest building.

Miles fires his own webline and follows, both of them swinging back into the bustling streets, the pizza bags bouncing precariously on their backs.

27 INT. JOE'S PIZZA — LATER IN THE DAY 27

Joe, their boss, stands at the counter, arms crossed, glaring at them. Behind him, a customer waves angrily, holding a cold pizza.

JOE
(pointing at the clock)
Thirty-two minutes.

Miles looks at Peter, then back at Joe.

MILES
But there was a robbery—

JOE
(interrupting)
Nope. Don't wanna hear it. This is the third time this month! Third time you've been late, and I've had it You're both done. Fired. Out.

Joe grabs the pizza bags off their backs and storms toward the kitchen. Peter and Miles stand in stunned silence for a moment before stepping back outside.

28

28 EXT. JOE'S PIZZA - MOMENTS LATER

Peter and Miles exit the shop into the bustling streets of New York. The late afternoon sun is harsh, and the constant city noise feels almost oppressive. Peter runs a hand through his hair, visibly tense. Miles glances at him nervously, trying to gauge his mood.

MILES
(trying to lighten the mood)
Well… at least we won't smell like pepperoni anymore. That's a win, right?

Peter stops abruptly, turning to Miles. His tone is sharper than expected.

PETER
Miles, this isn't funny. We just lost our jobs. How are you gonna pay rent? How am I gonna pay rent?

Miles steps back slightly, surprised by Peter's sudden frustration.

W F L L S

MILES
(softly)
I was just trying to—

PETER
(interrupting)
No, Miles. You don't get it. This isn't just about the rent. It's about everything. The responsibility. The fact that we can't afford to screw up—ever.

Miles looks away, his hands shoved deep in his jacket pockets. Peter paces, running a hand through his hair again, his voice growing louder.

PETER (CONT'D)
We're Spider-Men, okay? People rely on us. And if we can't even keep a stupid delivery job, how are we supposed to handle that?

Miles finally speaks, his voice low but steady.

MILES
I'm doing my best, Pete.

PETER
(quickly)
It's not enough!

The words hang in the air. Miles looks at Peter, his face falling, hurt. A beat of silence stretches between them, filled only by the noise of passing cars and distant honking. Peter's expression softens slightly as he realizes the harshness of his tone, but he doesn't know how to take it back.

MILES
(quietly, vulnerable)
I get it. You've got a lot on your plate. But… so do I. And I just want us to get through this together.

Peter's eyes flicker with emotion—guilt, frustration, exhaustion. For a moment, it looks like he's about to say something, but instead, he looks away. He can't meet Miles' gaze.

PETER
(quietly)
I can't...

WIP TILS

He shakes his head and steps back, his voice barely above a whisper.

Peter turns and walks into the busy crowd, blending into the chaos of the city. Miles watches him go, standing alone on the sidewalk. The sun dips lower, casting long shadows across the street. For a moment, Miles doesn't move, his face a mixture of hurt and determination. Finally, he exhales and looks down at his hands.

MILES
(whispering to himself)
We're supposed to do this together.

The camera lingers on Miles as the noise of the city grows faint, emphasizing his isolation. After a moment, he adjusts his backpack and walks off in the opposite direction, disappearing into the crowd.

29 INT. KAMAR-TAJ - MAIN HALL - NIGHT 29

The ancient, mystical halls of Kamar-Taj are eerily quiet, save for the faint hum of energy from the walls. The soft light of candles flickers against the intricate carvings and sigils that adorn the room.

Suddenly, the heavy doors creak open, revealing Doctor

Strange and Clea (*Post DS3*). Their cloaks are tattered, and their faces are marked with exhaustion and urgency. Strange's left hand trembles slightly as he steadies himself against the doorway, his eyes scanning the room.

DOCTOR STRANGE
Wong!

Clea steps in behind him, her usually composed demeanor tinged with unease. Her eyes dart around the room, her hand gripping the hilt of a dagger glowing faintly with a dark, otherworldly energy.

CLEA
(softly, to Strange)
We don't have time for pleasantries.

From a side hall, America Chavez appears, a slice of pizza in her hand. She looks up, surprised, and quickly swallows her bite.

AMERICA
(cheerfully)
Strange! Whoa, you two look like you got hit by a truck.

DOCTOR STRANGE
Where's Wong?

From the shadows, Wong emerges, his expression calm but watchful. He's holding a tome, but the moment he sees their faces, his brow furrows with concern.

WONG
Strange, I assume this isn't a social visit.

Strange steps forward, his voice tight with urgency.

DOCTOR STRANGE
It's worse than anything we've faced before, Wong. This "Council of Kangs"-

WONG
(interrupting, frowning)
I know the name. I've been researching… whispers. Rumors of a multiversal force rising. But details have been scarce.

CLEA
(quickly, her tone sharp)
They're not rumors anymore. The

WETLANDS

CLEA (CONT'D)
"Council" isn't just rising—they're already moving. They've ravaged entire realities.

America pauses mid-step, her eyebrows furrowing.

AMERICA
Wait, the Council of who now?

DOCTOR STRANGE
Kangs. Variants of the same man, each more dangerous than the last.

Wong closes the tome slowly, his expression darkening. Strange paces the room, his cape billowing slightly with his movements.

DOCTOR STRANGE (CONT'D)
They've weaponized the multiverse, Wong. Every decision, every thread of reality—anything they touch collapses into chaos.

WETTS

CLEA
It's not just their power, it's their precision. They're organized. Every Kang… they're working together toward something.

WONG
(skeptical)
What could possibly unify a force like that?

DOCTOR STRANGE
A single goal: absolute dominance.

Wong's face darkens, but before he can respond, Strange suddenly stiffens. His hands clutch the table as his eyes glaze over, glowing faintly with a shimmering light. Clea notices immediately and moves to his side.

CLEA
Stephen?

AMERICA
(stepping closer)
What's happening?

WONG
(urgently)
A vision. Don't touch him—it's
(MORE)

WONG (CONT'D)
dangerous to interfere.

Strange gasps as his vision overtakes him. The room fades away, replaced by an overwhelming vision of the multiverse. He sees countless realities—an intricate, interconnected web of worlds stretching endlessly into the void. But something is wrong. The web trembles, cracks forming along its strands. One by one, worlds begin to fall, consumed by shadow and fire.

30 EXT./INT. VISION SEQUENCE 30

In rapid, unsettling flashes, Strange witnesses entire realities torn apart. He sees cities collapsing, familiar faces screaming as they are engulfed in energy. The shadowy figures of Kang variants move through the destruction, their cold, calculating eyes watching as universes crumble.

A single thread catches his attention—a world that looks disturbingly like Earth-616. It trembles violently, cracks racing through it like fractures in glass.

DOCTOR STRANGE (IN VISION)
(whispering)
No... W E L L S

Suddenly, Strange sees Shang-Chi's Ten Rings, Then Ms. Marvel's Nega-Bands - glowing fiercely, projecting a faint, pulsing beacon into the void. The beacon's energy radiates outward, attracting the attention of a Kang variant standing atop a crumbled multiversal strand. The variant smirks, his eyes glowing with malicious intent.

END VISION

Strange snaps back into the room, stumbling. Clea catches him before he falls. His breathing is ragged, and sweat drips down his forehead.

WONG
(urgently)
Strange, what did you see?

Strange leans heavily on the table, his voice low and shaken.

DOCTOR STRANGE
The Council is already here. They've destroyed countless realities, and they're coming for ours.

He looks up at Wong, his eyes filled with dread.

DOCTOR STRANGE (CONT'D)
Some sort of objects. I don't know-It looked like Bangles and large Rings… they're sending a signal. A beacon.

WONG
(worried)
Shang Chi's Rings and Kamala's bands.

AMERICA
(panicked)
a beacon to who?

CLEA
To them.

DOCTOR STRANGE
We need to get everyone together, now!

Wong's expression tightens, his mind racing as the weight of the revelation sinks in.

WONG
That may be a problem.

CLEA
(flatly)
There's always a problem.

WONG
The Avengers. They're scattered. Half of them are not even on Earth. Some… we don't even know how to reach. And even if we could pull them together, it might not be enough. The multiverse is too fragile. One wrong move could tear everything apart.

A faint rumble shakes the room. The candles flicker violently as the atmosphere shifts. The air grows heavier, and an unnatural hum begins to fill the space.

AMERICA
Okay… did it just get creepy in here, or is that me?

CLEA
What's happening?

The sky outside darkens unnaturally. Thick, stormy clouds swirl overhead, crackling with energy. A faint, glowing shape begins to emerge from the storm—a massive, otherworldly silhouette over the dark skies above. The very air vibrates

with its presence.

WONG
(tensing, quietly)
This… is bad.

DOCTOR STRANGE
(stepping forward, his voice low)
Stay close.

Strange raises his hands, preparing a defensive spell as Clea draws her glowing dagger. America clenches her fist and stans behind Strange. Wong steadies himself, gripping a staff imbued with mystical energy. The room seems to pulse, the unsettling hum growing louder, more intense.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

31 INT. CLINT BARTON'S KITCHEN - MORNING 31

The scene opens with a quiet hum of normalcy. Clint Barton, dressed in jeans and a flannel shirt, pours himself a cup of coffee.

The window above the sink frames a serene view of his Iowa hometown—a golden field, a dusty road, and the faint outline of the small town center in the distance.

A rare moment of peace washes over him as he exhales, allowing himself to believe, just for a second, that life might finally slow down.

32 EXT. MAIN STREET - LATE MORNING 32

Clint walks down the quiet main street, the warm sunlight casting long shadows. A soft breeze rustles the leaves of the trees lining the road. It's picturesque, almost too perfect.

The small-town charm surrounds him—brick storefronts, a handful of parked cars, and the faint sound of a wind chime from the shop ahead.

Clint pauses for a moment. He adjusts the strap of his bag and continues toward the small general store at the corner. As Clint gets closer, something begins to feel… off.

The breeze dies down. The air grows heavy. The faint hum of insects in the background falls silent. Clint stops mid-step, narrowing his eyes as he notices the subtle shift in atmosphere. The once-bright sky has begun to darken, clouds forming unnaturally fast.

CONTINUED:

CLINT
(softly, to himself)
That's not a storm…

33 EXT. GENERAL STORE - CONTINUOUS 33

Clint approaches the store but stops in his tracks when he sees a small crowd of townspeople gathered just outside. They're all standing unnaturally still, their heads tilted upward, eyes fixed on the sky.

A low murmur ripples through them—a mix of confusion and unease. Clint hesitates, his hand hovering over the door handle as he glances toward the group.

He steps away from the door and approaches the crowd cautiously. The murmurs grow louder, punctuated by gasps and hushed voices.

TOWNSPERSON 1
(whispering)
What is that?

TOWNSPERSON 2
Is it… moving?

Clint's brows knit together. He moves through the crowd, his instincts sharpening as the unease in the air becomes palpable. He reaches the edge of the group and looks up—

34 EXT. SKY ABOVE THE TOWN - CONTINUOUS 34

Clint's heart skips a beat as he takes in the sight above. The sky has transformed into a swirling mass of dark clouds, tinged with an unnatural green hue. At the center of the storm, a faint shape begins to materialize, shifting and flickering like a distorted hologram.

A pulsing hum reverberates through the air, low and deep, shaking the ground beneath their feet.

The murmurs of the crowd escalate into cries of fear. A woman in the crowd suddenly screams, breaking the fragile tension.

WOMAN
It's coming closer!

Panic erupts. People scatter, running toward their cars, into the store, or back down the street. Clint remains rooted, his eyes locked on the sky.

35 EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS 35

The crowd disperses around him, their cries echoing as they flee. A child trips on the pavement, crying out. Without hesitation, Clint rushes over, scooping the boy up and helping him to his feet.

CLINT
(to the boy, urgent)
Go. Run to your mom. Go!

The boy nods, tears streaming down his face, and sprints toward a woman waving frantically from across the street. Clint turns his attention back to the sky, his breath shallow as the shape materializes slowly. The oppressive energy grows thicker, like a weight pressing down on his chest.

The clouds shift again, its form becoming more defined—a grotesque, skeletal visage with glowing, hollow eyes that seem to pierce straight into Clint. The pulsing hum grows louder, more intense, making the ground tremble. Clint instinctively steps back, his hand twitching as though reaching for a bow that isn't there.

His breath catches in his throat as an overwhelming sense of dread washes over him. Clint's hands clench into fists, his mind racing.

36 EXT. GENERAL STORE - MOMENTS LATER 36

Clint ducks into the store's awning for cover as distorted whispering sounds fill the air, unintelligible but menacing, like a thousand voices speaking at once.

A man inside the store pulls Clint's sleeve, panic written on his face.

STORE OWNER
What do we do? What is that thing?!

Clint doesn't answer. He's too focused on the sky, his jaw tightening as the oppressive feeling grows unbearable. The skies above suddenly emits a deep, guttural roar, shaking the glass windows of the store. Clint flinches, the sound digging into his bones like a physical force.

CLINT
(to himself)
This isn't just some storm.

The camera lingers on Clint's face. Above him, a terrifying figures begin to take shape in the clouds, its malevolent form casting a shadow over the town. The whispers grow

(CONTINUED)

louder, creeping into every corner of the frame as the screen -

SMASH CUTS TO BLACK:

37 **INT. SIMON WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - NIGHT** 37

The room is dark, illuminated only by the faint glow of a TV playing on mute. The remnants of takeout boxes and empty bottles clutter the table.

Simon Williams(Wonder Man), disheveled and unshaven, sits slumped on the couch, staring blankly at a photo of himself and his fiancée, smiling brightly during happier days. His thumb grazes the edge of the photo as his jaw tightens, grief evident in his hollow eyes.

A knock echoes from the door. Simon doesn't respond, his gaze fixed on the photo. The knocking grows louder, more insistent.

TREVOR (O.S.)
Simon, mate, I know you're in there! Open up before I do something dramatic!

W.I.T.S

Simon exhales heavily, visibly annoyed. The door remains closed as Trevor's voice gets louder.

TREVOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I mean it! I'll recite all of Macbeth—from memory! You don't want to hear my Scottish accent. It's terrible.

The sound of keys jingling follows, and the door swings open. Trevor Slattery, in a mismatched blazer, scarf, and entirely too much enthusiasm for the situation, bursts in holding a bag of snacks in one hand and a theater program in the other.

TREVOR
(bluntly)
Well, this is… depressing.

Trevor surveys the messy room, his face wrinkling with exaggerated disgust. He sets the bag and program down on the cluttered coffee table and collapses onto the couch beside Simon.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Simon, mate, this isn't you. You're Wonder Man! The dashing star of stage and screen! The man who could light up a room with a single smile. And now

(MORE) (CONTINUED)

TREVOR (CONT'D)
look at you—brooding, unshaven, and smelling vaguely of soy sauce.

Simon doesn't respond, his fingers still tightly clutching the photo. Trevor leans forward, softening his tone.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
I know you're hurting. And you have every right to. What happened… it's not something you just bounce back from. But you can't stay here, mate. You can't let this grief swallow you whole.

Simon's voice is hoarse and quiet when he finally speaks.

SIMON
(quietly)
She's gone, Trevor. What's the point of any of it without her?

Trevor pauses, letting the weight of Simon's words settle. Then he leans back, speaking carefully.

W F I T S

TREVOR
You're right. She's gone, and nothing can change that. But you know what she wouldn't want? This.

Simon finally looks up, his brows furrowed slightly. Trevor gestures around the room.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
She wouldn't want you wasting away in here, surrounded by old takeout and reruns of bad sitcoms. She'd want you to live, Simon. To get out there, to see the world, to turn to the one thing she always believed in: the arts. To Create... To feel...
(beat)
To listen, Simon. To listen to life around you.

Simon's grip tightens on the photo, his voice trembling with frustration.

SIMON
(angrily)
You don't know what she'd want.

(CONTINUED)

TREVOR
(determined)
I know she loved you. And I know she loved seeing you shine—on stage, on screen. She believed in you because you made people feel something. And that's not gone, Simon. That's still in you.

Simon's eyes flicker with something—pain, anger, maybe even guilt—but he doesn't say anything.

Trevor picks up the theater program from the table and waves it slightly.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
And that's where I come in. Tonight, we're going to a play. Julius Caesar. High drama, betrayal, bloody daggers—it's all very cathartic.

SIMON
(shaking his head)
Trevor, I'm not in the mood—

TREVOR
(leaning closer, insistent)
You're not in the mood because you've been sitting here, stewing in your grief, convincing yourself the world out there doesn't care about you anymore. But it does, Simon. I do.

Trevor pauses, his voice softening again.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
And she would want you to get back out there. To live.

Simon looks down at the photo in his hands, his thumb brushing over his fiancée's smile. The silence stretches, heavy and loaded, before Simon finally exhales deeply.

SIMON
(low, reluctant)
One play.

TREVOR
(grinning)
That's the spirit!

Trevor claps him on the shoulder, already standing and grabbing the bag of snacks.

(CONTINUED)

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Now, go take a shower. Wonder Man doesn't show up smelling like last week's lo mein.

Simon cracks a faint, almost imperceptible smile as he sets the photo down on the table and slowly stands. Trevor beams, clearly pleased with himself.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Oh, and bring your best brooding face. Nothing says Shakespeare like a good existential crisis.

38 EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT 38

The city is alive with lights and energy. Crowds bustle on the sidewalks as Simon and Trevor walk toward a small open-air theater nestled between high-rise buildings. Trevor chats animatedly, gesturing with enthusiasm, while Simon stays silent, his hands in his jacket pockets. The faint sound of a street musician playing a violin carries through the air.

TREVOR
Now, you might think Shakespeare is a bit heavy for a night out, but trust me—nothing like a good old-fashioned betrayal to put things in perspective.

SIMON
(flatly)
Betrayal? Yeah, that's definitely what I need right now.

TREVOR
(grinning)
Don't knock it till you try it. There's something oddly comforting about watching someone else's life fall apart for a change.

Simon gives a small, reluctant smirk. Trevor notices and nudges him playfully.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
See? There's hope for you yet.

39 EXT. OPEN-AIR THEATER - NIGHT 39

The stage is set for Julius Caesar, with elaborate Roman props and costumes. The audience sits in hushed anticipation as the actors take their places. Simon and Trevor sit near the middle of the crowd, Trevor munching on popcorn while

Simon sits stiffly, his eyes scanning the stage without focus.

As the play unfolds, Simon's posture remains rigid, his arms crossed tightly over his chest. Trevor, meanwhile, watches with rapt attention, occasionally whispering commentary to Simon.

TREVOR
(whispering)
This part's brilliant. Wait till you see Brutus. Such a two-faced little—

Simon doesn't respond, his focus beginning to falter as the tension in the play mirrors his own internal struggles. The pivotal scene arrives, and Simon's unease grows.

ON STAGE - THE ASSASSINATION SCENE

Julius Caesar stands at the center of the stage, surrounded by the Senators.

CLOSE ON: The actor playing Julius Ceaser watches in complete terror as the senators he once called "brothers", encircle him.

The tension is palpable as the first blade plunges into his side. Caesar winces, gasping in betrayal. Another Senator stabs him, and another. The sound of steel hitting flesh is jarring, accompanied by gasps from the audience.

Simon flinches with each stab, his breathing quickening. The weight of the scene mirrors his internal torment—the betrayal, the pain, the loss. His hands grip the armrests tightly as sweat beads on his forehead.

ACTOR PLAYING CAESAR
(crying out)
Et tu, Brute?

The words hit Simon like a hammer. His chest rises and falls rapidly as his anxiety peaks. He abruptly stands, drawing the attention of a few nearby audience members. Trevor notices immediately.

TREVOR
(concerned)
Simon? You alright?

Simon doesn't respond. He stumbles out of the row, muttering an apology, and hurries toward the exit.

40 EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT 40

Simon turns the corner into a dimly lit alley, his breathing shallow as he leans against a brick wall. He fumbles for his headphones and jams them over his ears, blasting music in a desperate attempt to drown out the world. His hands tremble as he slides down the wall, sitting on the cold pavement.

For a moment, there's silence. The music drowns out his thoughts, and his breathing steadies slightly. He closes his eyes, his head resting against the wall.

41 EXT. ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER 41

When Simon opens his eyes, something is wrong. The music in his headphones continues, but the world around him has gone eerily silent.

He pulls the headphones off, confused. The hum of the city—traffic, voices, distant sirens—is gone. He looks around, his confusion giving way to unease.

Simon steps out of the alley and onto the sidewalk. The street is filled with people, but they're all frozen, their faces turned upward, staring at the sky. A woman holding a cup of coffee stands mid-sip, the liquid trembling at the rim but never spilling. A child clutches a balloon, unmoving. The stillness is absolute.

SIMON
(softly)
What the hell…?

His breathing quickens again as dread creeps over him.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK:

42 EXT. EARTH-616 - NIGHT - VARIOUS LOCATIONS 42

A quiet hum blankets the world. Citizens across the globe carry on their lives—some walking dogs, others enjoying family dinners, or watching TV. Then, the hum deepens into a low, vibrating pulse. Subtle at first, it grows steadily louder, rippling across the sky, rattling windows, and sending flocks of birds scattering into the night.

The tone shifts abruptly as three colossal projections materialize in the skies above every major city. Each figure radiates an unnatural, malevolent energy, their translucent forms towering above the Earth, their eyes glowing with unrelenting power.

They are Immortus, Rama-Tut, and The Centurion. Together,
(CONTINUED)

their combined presence suffocates the world like a growing shadow.

43 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT 43

Onlookers freeze in the streets. The usual chaos of New York screeches to a halt as people crane their necks toward the glowing figures in the sky.

Taxi drivers abandon their cabs, hot dog vendors let their carts roll into traffic, and panicked whispers ripple through the crowd. The ominous hum swells, silencing the city.

44 INT. SCOTT LANG'S APARTMENT - SAN FRANCISCO 44

Cassie drops a glass bottle as she watches the skies outside, terrified beyond words at what she is witnessing.

CASSIE
Dad!

Scott standing instinctively, pulls Cassie close as he stares at the looming figures in disbelief.

SCOTT LANG
(whispering)
No...

Scott is lost in thought, as the seriousness of the situation dawns on him.

SCOTT LANG (CONT'D)
(terrified)
It's happening...

45 EXT. SKY ABOVE EARTH - CONTINUOUS 45

Immortus steps forward, the hum falling into an eerie, dead silence. His voice booms, echoing not just in the air but inside the minds of every person on Earth. It's cold, calculated, and dripping with disdain.

IMMORTUS
Citizens of Earth-616, your time has come.

His words are heavy, each syllable striking like a hammer, reverberating through the world. Next to him, Rama-Tut crosses his arms, his golden headdress glinting with an unearthly light. His voice carries a cruel elegance, full of superiority.

CONTINUED:

RAMA-TUT
For too long, your kind has disrupted the balance of existence. Your champions—the so-called Avengers—have tampered with forces beyond their understanding.

The Centurion steps forward, his cyborg-like armor glowing faintly, his voice sharp and menacing.

THE CENTURION
You've stolen what does not belong to you: The Sacred Ten Rings and the Holy Nega-Bands, artifacts tied to the Kang Mythos of the multiverse.

46 EXT. PYM FAMILY HOME - NIGHT 46

Inside their cozy home, Hank Pym, Hope Van Dyne, and Janet Van Dyne sit in tense silence as The Council's words boom through the television.

Janet's face is pale, her breathing shallow as her mind races.

W E L L S

HANK
Oh Shit.

Hank watches the screen with wide eyes, his usual calm shattered. Hope, her hands gripping the armrest of the couch, speaks softly, her voice trembling.

HOPE
This… this can't be real.

Janet's expression twists into guilt and panic as the words sink in. She clutches her arms, her voice breaking as she speaks.

JANET
It's me. This is my fault.

HOPE
(urgently)
Mom, no—

JANET
(tears forming)
I brought this here. Kang… He told me. I left the door open. For them.

Hank moves to her side, placing a reassuring hand on her shoulder, but his own unease is evident.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK
(softly)
Janet, this isn't on you.

JANET
(overlapping, panicked)
Hank, he told me and I didn't believe him! You don't get it! They're the ones who 'Exiled' him! It's them!

Hank and Hope do their best to calm her down. Janet buries her face in her hands, her guilt consuming her as the ominous message continues.

47 EXT. SKY ABOVE EARTH - CONTINUOUS 47

Immortus continues, his voice growing colder, almost mocking.

IMMORTUS
You, humanity, have proven unworthy of the multiverse's mercy. The sins of The Avengers cannot be undone. Your reckoning is now.

Rama-Tut raises his scepter, pointing it toward the Earth below. A faint glow emanates from it, casting a sickly green light across the planet.

RAMA-TUT
We have judged you. And we find you wanting.

THE CENTURION
(stepping forward)
The Kang Dynasty will cleanse your world, a necessary purge to preserve the stability of all reality. Your suffering will be brief… but absolute.

48 EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT 48

The camera cuts to different groups across the world as the words sink in.

Miles from his apartment, watches the unfolding message spreading through the skies and City. He runs to Peter's room across the Hall but its empty.

Clint Barton watching in horror with the rest of the towns people, the Council's warning vibrating across the skies.

Peter Parker, dressed in his civilian clothes, sits alone on the rooftop of his old high school, gazing at the chaos

(CONTINUED)

unfolding in the sky. His eyes are distant, lost in the swirl of lights above.

CLOSE ON: In his hands, he clutches a worn Polaroid photo—a snapshot of him, Ned, and MJ, frozen in a moment of happiness.

Strange, Clea, Wong, and America Chavez at Kamar-Taj, watch the message play it out over the dark clouds.

Bruce, Jennifer, Shang-Chi, and Skaar stand frozen, their faces a mixture of fear and disbelief, as the sky above them warps with the ominous message of The Kangs. Shang-Chi's Ten Rings glow with a strange, unsettling intensity, casting eerie light on their faces.

Moon Knight, perched on a rooftop in London, watches the figures in the sky.

Daredevil, in Hell's Kitchen, listens intently to the vibrations of panic rippling through the city.

In Wakanda, Shuri, Sam Wilson, Rhodey, Joaquin Torres, and Riri Williams stand before a massive holographic screen displaying the Council's message. Shuri's fists are clenched, her jaw tight as she processes the threat.

SHURI
(low, to herself)
What is this? A warning?

SAM
(stepping forward)
No. It's an execution.

49 EXT. SKY ABOVE EARTH - CONTINUOUS 49

Massive multiversal portals begin to tear open in the sky, ripping apart the fabric of reality itself. From each portal, colossal warships emerge, their sleek, angular designs radiating a malevolent energy.

The ships are covered in glowing rings that move in a circular pattern around the ships (Similar to Kang's ring technology in his time chair), their engines emitting a haunting hum that vibrates through the Earth.

Immortus raises his hand, and the first warship fires a devastating energy blast into a city below.

50 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT 50

The Empire State Building crumbles in a thunderous explosion,
(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

debris raining down on the streets below. Civilians scream and scatter, their terror palpable as chaos erupts around them. Fire and smoke consume the skyline.

51

51 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

The Golden Gate Bridge shudders as a warship's blast strikes its center. The suspension cables snap, and cars tumble into the bay. Scott and Cassie stand frozen at their apartment window, watching the destruction unfold.

Scott stares, his mouth dry, unable to answer as the bridge collapses into the water.

52

52 EXT. PARIS - NIGHT

The Eiffel Tower is obliterated in a single shot, crumbling into the Seine. Boats struggle to escape the crashing waves as terrified civilians flee the scene.

53

53 EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The Hollywood Sign is incinerated as energy blasts rip through the hills. Streets are choked with fleeing civilians as Wonder Man leaps into action, pulling a woman and her child out of the path of falling debris.

WONDER MAN
(urgently)
Keep moving! Don't stop!

54

54 EXT. EARTH-616 - SKY - CONTINUOUS

The Council's warships spread across the globe, each one positioning itself above a major city. Their presence is overwhelming, casting Earth in a shadow of terror. Above them, the main trio of the Council delivers their final, chilling words.

THE CENTURION
Your time is over.

RAMA-TUT
Your world will burn.

IMMORTUS
And the multiverse will forever remember the name of Kang.

The three figures disappear, their message complete. The warships descend further, unleashing more destruction as the world descends into chaos.

55

55 INT. SMALL TOWN CHURCH - NIGHT

The church is dimly lit, its wooden pews filled with congregants who sit stiffly, their faces illuminated by the eerie glow of phone screens. The faint sound of whispers and muted sobs lingers in the air, blending with the creak of old wood as people shift uncomfortably.

Peter Quill (Star-Lord) sits near the back, his posture tense, his hands clasped tightly in his lap. Beside him, his grandfather sits quietly, his weathered hands folded over his knees, his eyes staring ahead but unfocused.

The faint hum of a voice echoes from the pulpit. The pastor, an older man with a trembling voice, addresses the congregation, but his words feel hollow, lost in the oppressive air of fear.

PASTOR
(softly, trembling)
We must hold fast to our faith… even in the darkest times.

His words falter, his gaze flickering nervously toward the windows, where the faint glow of distant destruction paints the horizon an unnatural orange. No one in the congregation looks at him. Their attention is fixed on their phones, scrolling endlessly, searching for answers that won't come.

Peter glances around the room, his jaw tightening as the quiet murmur of the crowd grows louder. It's a low, dissonant hum—panicked whispers, muffled sobs, and the soft click of typing. He exhales sharply, his foot tapping anxiously against the floor.

PETER QUILL
This isn't helping anyone.

His grandfather turns to him, his expression heavy with sadness and resignation.

GRANDFATHER
(quietly)
They don't know what else to do, Peter.

Peter doesn't respond. He looks down at his hands, the faint tremor in his fingers betraying the calm he's trying to project. The weight of the moment hangs heavily between them, unspoken but palpable.

WIDE SHOT - CHURCH INTERIOR

The camera lingers on the congregation. A young mother clutches her child tightly, her phone clutched in her other hand as tears stream silently down her face. An elderly man sits motionless, staring blankly at the pulpit. The pastor's voice grows softer, almost inaudible, as the dread in the room swells.

PASTOR
Let us pray…

No one moves. The silence is suffocating, the quiet despair amplifying every creak of the floor, every faint sob. Peter shifts uncomfortably, his chest tightening as the reality of their fate sinks in.

PETER'S POV - HIS GRANDFATHER

Peter glances at his grandfather, who sits silently, his eyes fixed on the floor. There's a sadness in his face, deeper than grief—it's the look of a man who's lived long enough to see everything he loves fall apart. When he finally meets Peter's gaze, no words are exchanged, but the shared resignation in their eyes speaks volumes.

56 EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT 56

The faint glow on the horizon grows brighter, flickering like a distant inferno. Suddenly, a blinding explosion tears through the horizon, igniting the night sky. The shockwave ripples outward, a terrifying roar that drowns out everything else.

57 INT. SMALL TOWN CHURCH - CONTINUOUS 57

The glow of the explosion reflects through the stained glass windows, casting fractured, fiery patterns onto the walls and faces of the congregation. The quiet murmur erupts into panicked cries as people finally look up from their phones. The pastor freezes mid-sentence, his eyes wide with terror as the distant roar grows louder.

Peter bolts upright, his instincts kicking in. He grabs his grandfather's arm, his voice low and urgent.

PETER QUILL
We need to move. Now.

His grandfather hesitates, still frozen by the weight of what's happening. Peter tightens his grip, his voice rising slightly.

CONTINUED:

PETER
(gritting his teeth)
Grandpa. Come on.

The pastor stumbles back from the pulpit, his voice trembling.

PASTOR
(stammering)
Stay calm! Please, stay calm—

The roar grows deafening as the blast wave barrels closer. Peter looks toward the windows, calculating the explosion's radius. His heart sinks as the grim certainty settles over him.

58 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT 58

Outside, the explosion tears through the town, its shockwave obliterating everything in its path. Trees are uprooted, buildings crumble like sandcastles, and cars are hurled like toys. The fiery glow consumes the horizon, leaving nothing untouched.

59 INT. SMALL TOWN CHURCH - CONTINUOUS 59

The stained glass windows shatter violently as the blast wave slams into the church. Shards of glass and debris rain down on the congregation. People scream, scrambling for the doors, but the chaos is too sudden, too overwhelming. The walls groan under the pressure, cracks splintering through the wooden beams.

Peter shields his grandfather as debris falls around them. He looks toward the doors, but the crowd bottlenecks, panicked people pushing and shoving, desperate to escape. There's nowhere to go.

The blast wave crashes in fully, obliterating the church in an instant. The screen cuts to black, the sound of destruction lingering in the silence.

60 EXT. EARTH - GLOBAL LOCATIONS - NIGHT 60

The world is in chaos. Emergency vehicles are stuck in endless gridlock as desperate citizens flee on foot, abandoning their cars.

Fires rage uncontrollably, casting an orange hue across the sky, while collapsed communication networks leave the emergency services blind and ineffective. Planes roar overhead, veering off course to avoid the crumbling cityscapes, some crashing into towers still standing.

(CONTINUED)

The camera pans across the world: Tokyo, London, Paris, and Rio de Janeiro—all are crumbling under the overwhelming assault of the Council of Kangs' warships.

Massive ray beams rain down from above, obliterating landmarks, roads, and infrastructure. Smoke billows upward, blotting out the stars, as the sky itself seems to crush under the weight of the invasion.

61 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT 61

The New York City skyline is unrecognizable. The once-vibrant city is now a burning wasteland. Skyscrapers tilt precariously before collapsing into dust and flames, their remains sending shockwaves through the streets below.

The Council of Kangs' warships hover ominously overhead, their glowing energy beams tearing through the city like knives, warping the air and cracking the ground with each strike.

The streets are filled with screams as terrified civilians scramble over rubble, pushing through collapsed subway tunnels and overturned vehicles. Fires rage unchecked, and explosions erupt in the distance as gas lines rupture beneath the chaos. The air is thick with choking smoke, dust, and ash, making it nearly impossible to breathe.

62 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MIDTOWN - NIGHT 62

Through the falling debris and destruction, Spider-Man swings with unrelenting speed, his suit smudged with soot and ash. He zigzags between the crumbling buildings, narrowly dodging flaming debris and collapsing structures.

Behind him, Miles Morales, also suited up as Spider-Man, swings through the chaos. Miles struggles to keep up, calling out to Peter over the deafening sounds of destruction.

MILES
Peter! Slow down!

Spider-Man glances back but doesn't stop, his voice firm and unrelenting.

PETER
I can't! MJ and Ned are still out there!

Miles swings closer, narrowly avoiding a falling traffic light that crashes into the street below. His voice is filled with desperation.

MILES
(pleading)
Peter, look around you! The city's falling apart! If you keep going like this, you're gonna get yourself killed!

Spider-Man doesn't respond. He swings faster, weaving through the chaos as a nearby building collapses in a deafening roar. Dust and debris engulf the air, forcing both Spider-Men to adjust mid-swing.

63 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - LOWER MANHATTAN - CONTINUOUS 63

The destruction intensifies. The Kangs' warships begin emitting massive energy pulses, sending shockwaves through the ground.

Entire districts are engulfed in firestorms as the pulses grow more violent, consuming buildings, streets, and everything in their path. The city's iconic landmarks fall one after another: the Chrysler Building collapses in a cascade of steel and glass, while bridges buckle and snap, sending cars tumbling into the water below.

Miles swings next to Spider-Man, grabbing his arm mid-swing and forcing him to pause briefly on a crumbling rooftop. Both Spider-Men are panting, their suits torn and covered in ash. Miles's tone is urgent and desperate.

MILES
Peter, listen to me! You can't save them if you're dead! We have to get out of here!

Spider-Man yanks his arm away, his voice sharp and filled with emotion.

SPIDER-MAN
I can't leave them, Miles!

Miles steps closer, grabbing Spider-Man's shoulder, his tone softer but no less urgent.

MILES
And what happens if you don't make it? What happens if you die trying? They need you alive, man. We all do.

Spider-Man's jaw tightens, his eyes flickering with doubt for just a moment. Before he can respond, a deafening hum fills the air. Both Spider-Men look up in horror as the Kangs activate a second wave of destruction.

64 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SKYLINE - CONTINUOUS 64

The warships' glowing energy cores begin to radiate a blinding light. The air crackles with multiversal energy as massive beams of light shoot downward, slicing through the city.

The ground quakes violently as entire blocks are swallowed by explosions. Flaming debris rains from the sky, and the skyline is engulfed in chaos.

65 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DOWNTOWN - CONTINUOUS 65

Spider-Man and Miles leap into action as another nearby building collapses, sending a massive cloud of dust and rubble hurtling toward them. They swing desperately through the crumbling streets, dodging falling debris and leaping over gaps in the rooftops.

Miles glances up just in time to see a skyscraper beginning to tilt dangerously above him. His eyes widen in terror as the massive structure starts to fall, its shadow engulfing the street below.

MILES
(terrified)
Oh, no—

The skyscraper crashes downward, sending a shockwave that shakes the surrounding buildings. Miles is frozen in place, unable to react as the massive structure collapses toward him.

At the last possible second, Spider-Man swings in, grabbing Miles and pulling him out of the way just as the building slams into the ground, sending up a deafening roar of debris.

Another energy pulse ripples through the air, causing the ground beneath them to crack and shift. Both Spider-Men look up at the warships looming above, their glowing cores now pulsing with even more energy.

They share a brief glance before launching back into action, swinging through the burning ruins of New York City as the destruction around them escalates.

66 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - CONTINUOUS 66

The camera pulls back, showing the full scope of the devastation. The city is almost entirely unrecognizable, reduced to smoldering ruins. The once-proud skyline is now a jagged silhouette of crumbling towers and flickering fires.

(CONTINUED)

The warships continue their relentless assault, their beams cutting through the Earth like surgical strikes, leaving nothing but ash and destruction in their wake.

67

67 INT. SHIELD COMMAND SHIP - BRIDGE - NIGHT

The SHIELD command ship is a hive of activity, with agents rushing between consoles as holographic displays show the Earth under siege.

Nick Fury stands at the center, calm but visibly strained, watching live feeds of the Council of Kangs' warships obliterating cities across the globe. Entire districts are pulled into the sky by gravitational fields as energy beams reduce landmarks to ash.

SHIELD AGENT
(sprinting to Fury)
Sir, communications with most governments are offline. The interference has taken out satellite grids over three continents.

NICK FURY
Get me whatever's left. I don't care if it's smoke signals.
(tries to dial Carol but it doesn't go through)
Shit!

Fury freezes for a moment, his jaw tightening.

68

68 EXT. EARTH - STRATOSPHERE

The Avengers' spacecraft soars above the Earth, streaking through smoke-filled skies as the carnage below unfolds.

69

69 INT. AVENGERS SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS

Sam Wilson (Captain America) sits in the cockpit, flanked by Shuri, Riri Williams (Ironheart), War Machine (Rhodey), and Joaquin Torres (Falcon). The interior is tense, filled with the low hum of the ship's engines and the muffled chatter of emergency broadcasts playing on repeat.

The team (all suited) stares out the windows, their faces grim as they witness the unrelenting assault from the Council of Kangs' massive warships.

The ships are so large they blot out the sun, casting vast shadows over the planet. Entire districts are being lifted into the sky by the ships' gravitational fields, debris swirling upward like leaves in a storm.

(CONTINUED)

RHODEY
This isn't war—it's extermination.

RIRI
(her voice trembling)
They're… they're ripping cities apart.

Below, iconic landmarks vanish into the warships' pull. Paris, Cairo, and New York City crumble in moments, buildings torn from their foundations and hurled upward.

Fires rage across continents, painting the atmosphere a sickly orange. The team watches in stunned silence as the Earth is transformed into a living hell.

SAM
(steady, but shaken)
Eyes on the mission. We've got to stay focused.

SHURI
(working the controls)
The mission might not matter if we don't make it out of this alive.

T H I S

A loud alarm blares in the cockpit. Shuri glances at the display, her expression darkening.

SHURI (CONT'D)
The warships' gravitational field—it's pulling us in!

70 EXT. EARTH - STRATOSPHERE - CONTINUOUS 70

The Avengers' spacecraft spirals out of control as the warships' pull intensifies. The sleek ship tilts and jerks violently, caught in a vortex of debris and collapsing landmarks.

Shattered skyscrapers and entire sections of cities whirl around them, sucked toward the hovering warships.

71 INT. AVENGERS' SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS 71

The team scrambles to stabilize the ship as it shudders violently. Shuri's fingers fly across the controls, trying to break them free from the gravitational pull. Torres grips the co-pilot's seat, his knuckles white.

TORRES
(urgently)
We're losing altitude!

CONTINUED:

SAM
(to Shuri)
Can you pull us out of this?

SHURI
(through clenched teeth)
Not unless you can stop gravity itself!

RIRI
(scrambling to assist)
What if we overload the stabilizers? Push them to max output—

RHODEY
(cutting her off)
That's a temporary fix. If we fry the engines, we're done.

SAM
(firmly)
We don't have a choice. Do it!

72 EXT. EARTH - WAKANDA TO TOKYO - CONTINUOUS 72

The ship hurtles across continents, careening through the skies as the gravitational field intensifies. Below them, the once-thriving civilizations erupt with chaos.

Nearby cities are ripped from the ground, fires consuming what remains. The ship twists violently, heading toward Tokyo, where the devastation is even worse.

73 EXT. TOKYO - NIGHT 73

The once-vibrant city is now a crumbling inferno. Entire skyscrapers are uprooted and sucked into the sky, colliding with one another mid-air.

Streets are filled with screaming civilians running for cover, but the chaos offers nowhere to hide. The warships cast long, menacing shadows over the city, firing devastating energy blasts that incinerate entire districts.

74 INT. AVENGERS' SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS 74

The ship careens toward Tokyo, buffeted by waves of falling debris and spiraling skyscrapers. Shuri and Torres work frantically to navigate through the storm of destruction. Sparks fly from the control panels as the ship groans under the strain.

RHODEY
(gripping his seat)
We're coming in too fast!

SHURI
(struggling)
Then hold on to something.

75 EXT. TOKYO - CONTINUOUS 75

The spacecraft dips low, dodging a collapsing skyscraper as it crashes into the ground with an earth-shaking roar. Fires rage across the city as the ship weaves through the wreckage, narrowly avoiding massive chunks of debris. Shuri barely keeps the ship stable, swerving to avoid an energy beam fired from a warship above.

RIRI
(shouting)
We're not gonna make it through this!

76 EXT. WEST COAST - NIGHT 76

In stark contrast, the devastation is absolute. San Francisco is nothing more than rubble, the Golden Gate Bridge obliterated.

On the outskirts, Hope, Hank, and Janet flee through the destruction, but the relentless pull of the warships overtakes them. The ground cracks beneath their feet as debris flies upward.

HOPE
(pleading)
Mom, we have to keep moving!

Janet stumbles, glancing upward at the warships. She knows it's over.

JANET
(softly)
It's too late.

Hank holds Janet and Hope close as everything around them incenirates. Knowing these are her last moments, Janet closes her eyes - clutching onto Hank's arms and Hope's hands - as everything and everyone begins to burn.

The camera cuts to Scott Lang, desperately running through the devastation, calling out for Cassie. His voice cracks with desperation as fires rage around him.

CONTINUED:

SCOTT
Cassie! Where are you?!

Through the smoke, he sees her small, motionless figure. Scott drops to his knees, cradling Cassie in his arms. His tears mix with the ash and dust as he holds her close, his sobs drowning in the deafening silence of destruction.

77 INT. LAKESIDE CABIN - CONTINUOUS 77

Pepper Potts clutches Morgan Stark tightly, both of them trembling in terror as the world around them is torn apart.

Happy Hogan stands behind them, holding them close, his gaze fixed on a framed photo of Tony Stark—his expression haunted. Morgan clutches Tony's old Iron Man mask, the last piece of her father she can hold onto.

Pepper looks up at Happy, her face wet with tears, her voice barely a whisper as fear grips her chest.

PEPPER POTTS
(trembling)
Not like this. Please... not like this.

WETTS

Happy stares back at her, his own face full with fear, unable to find the words to comfort her. He pulls them both tighter, his grip the only thing he can offer.

HAPPY HOGAN
(softly, with a broken promise)
It'll all be over soon. I promise.

Happy's eyes flicker down to Tony's photo, tears welling in his eyes. He's barely holding it together, the weight of loss unbearable.

Suddenly, the air around them ignites in a violent burst of flames, the world exploding into chaos.

MONTAGE - EARTH IN RUINS

The destruction spreads across the planet. Billions are killed as cities fall into ruin.

Landmarks are obliterated: the Eiffel Tower, the Pyramids, the Sydney Opera House. Charred corpses litter the streets, and skeletons are left scattered across the wasteland. Fires burn so intensely that soot begins to block out the sun, casting Earth into perpetual twilight.

A nuclear winter begins, snow mixed with ash blanketing the
(CONTINUED)

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smoldering ruins of civilization. The camera pulls back, revealing the once-thriving planet transformed into a barren, post-apocalyptic wasteland.

78 INT. WAKANDA - COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT 78

Wakandan Tribe members help World leaders, remnants of SHIELD, and any surviving civilians gather in Wakanda. The last sanctuary untouched by the destruction.

Sam, stands at the head of a holographic display, flanked by Shuri, Riri, Rhodey, and Torres. The room is filled with the low hum of machinery, but the weight of their losses is palpable.

SAM
(to the room)
We're all that's left.

Sam takes a deep breath, his hands trembling slightly, but he steadies himself. He looks down at the communicator, his face hardening with resolve as he begins to speak.

SAM (V.O)
(to communicator, voice steady but heavy)
To any surviving… heroes out there… if you're hearing this, we need you. Earth… Earth needs you. The Avengers need you.

As Sam's message echoes through the room, QUICK SHOTS flash across the aftermath of the disaster:

Scott Lang, his face pale and broken, cradles Cassie's lifeless body in his arms. His hands tremble as he tries to hold onto her, the weight of the loss unbearable. The silence around him is deafening.

Wonder Man walks through the desolate, apocalyptic streets—once vibrant, now consumed by flames and ruin. Charred remains litter the ground, the remnants of broken structures standing like ghostly monuments to the devastation. He collapses to his knees, his body wracked with emotion, and screams into the sky, his grief echoing through the empty city.

Captain Marvel and Ms. Marvel stand side by side, gazing at the carnage that stretches before them. Ms. Marvel's eyes are filled with tears, the glow from her Nega-Bands flickering faintly, reflecting her turmoil. Captain Marvel stands stone-faced, but even she can't mask the deep, shaken sadness in her expression.

79 BACK AT THE COMMAND CENTER IN WAKANDA - CONTINUOUS 79

He falters for a brief moment. His eyes flick to the faces of his friends, his comrades.

SAM
The world—our world—is still out there, hanging by a thread, and if there's anyone left who can stand with us, we need you now.

The camera lingers on a holographic map of the Earth, once full of life, now scarred and fractured. The world's borders seem blurred, the devastation stretching beyond comprehension. Sam's voice reverberates through the room, carrying the weight of their struggle.

SAM (CONT'D)
(with conviction)
Wherever you are—whatever galaxy you're in—this is our moment. The fight's not over, and we will make it through. Together.

The camera zooms in on the faces of the survivors, each of them feeling the gravity of Sam's words. A moment of unity, despite the overwhelming odds. The room falls silent, the hum of the communicator fading as his words hang in the air.

80 EXT. DAMOCLES BASE - SPACE 80

The Damocles Base, an enormous spacecraft, hangs menacingly in orbit above Earth. Its sleek and jagged design glows faintly against the void of space, illuminated by the now faint red light of the scorched Earth below.

81 INT. IMMORTUS' QUARTERS - DAMOCLES BASE - CONTINUOUS 81

Inside the bridge, Immortus paces slowly, his long regal robes flowing behind him like shadows. The faint hum of the ship's systems underscores his measured steps.

Immortus stops at the massive viewing window, staring down at Earth. The planet is nearly unrecognizable—scorched, burning, and shrouded in smoke. Cities are gone, replaced by craters and ruins.

A sinister smile crawls across his face as his dark fingers curl with excitement. His voice, deep and resonant, breaks the silence.

(CONTINUED)

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IMMORTUS
(softly, to himself)
A god, sculpting chaos into order.

Suddenly, a faint beeping disrupts his thoughts. An incoming transmission flickers onto the holographic console behind him.

Two figures appear: Rama-Tut and The Centurion,. The image intercuts between their locations.

82 EXT. RAMA-TUT'S FORTRESS - NIGHT 82

Above, the skies burn a nuclear winter green, swirling ominously, reflecting the devastation below.

The once-proud Washington D.C. lies in ruin, the Lincoln Memorial, Washington Monument, and U.S. Capitol reduced to broken husks beneath the shadow of an imposing new structure.

Rama-Tut's massive fortress rises atop the ruins, its towering spires carved in the likeness of the tyrant—his face etched into the stone, staring down on the devastated city. The fortress dominates the landscape, its walls adorned with Egyptian motifs.

Around the fortress, hundreds of Kang Variants swarm, their movements precise as they work tirelessly to complete the massive structure. Atop the fortress, a glowing conduit begins to take shape, pulsing with sickly green energy, reaching toward the toxic sky.

Rama-Tut stands on a grand platform right behind his massive throne. Next to him stands The Centurion.

RAMA-TUT
(gleeful)
Behold, Sire. The Conduit stands ready atop my fortress. Soon, the power of the Sacred Rings and the Holy Nega-Bands will energize all of the Multiverse in our great name!

The Centurion watches, his face twisted with disgust as he listens to Rama-Tut's sycophantic tone.

THE CENTURION
(under his breath)
Pathetic.

83 INTERCUT - DAMOCLES BASE / RAMA-TUT'S FORTRESS 83

Immortus turns toward the transmission, his face unreadable

(CONTINUED)

but his tone cold and commanding.

IMMORTUS
You celebrate too soon, Rama-Tut. The heroes are not finished yet. They will come for us. And when they do, we will reclaim the relics.

Rama-Tut's grin falters for a moment before he straightens, nodding quickly.

RAMA-TUT
(quickly)
Of course, Immortus. The Conduit will be ready and the Relics will soon be in our grasp. We will not fail you.

IMMORTUS
(quietly, coldly)
I do not care for your squabbles. I want results. If either of you fail, the consequences will be… final.

The transmission flickers and ends abruptly. The Centurion storms over to Rama-Tut, his heavy footsteps echoing ominously. His voice cuts through the silence like a blade.

THE CENTURION
(derisive)
Do not embarrass yourself, groveling like a lap dog.

RAMA-TUT
(twisting in anger)
Blasphemy! I am no Lap Dog.

THE CENTURION
Do not forget who put the crown on your childish head, Rama-Tut.

Rama-Tut turns sharply, his arrogance flaring.

RAMA-TUT
My crown was earned. My empire—

THE CENTURION
(interrupting, harshly)
Your empire is a sandcastle, built on the shores of Immortus' will. And when the tide rises, you will be swept away like the rest of us.

Rama-Tut, his pride wounded, clenches his Scepter. He sneers,

CONTINUED:

his voice dripping with disdain.

RAMA-TUT
You lack loyalty, Centurion. It's why you'll never rise above your station.

The Centurion's hand moves like lightning, slapping Rama-Tut hard across the face. Rama-Tut stumbles, clutching his cheek in shock. The Centurion's voice is cold, controlled, and deadly.

THE CENTURION
(quietly)
Loyalty? I provided you with the robotic limbs that keep you standing after the Fantastic Four left you broken. Do not lecture me about loyalty.

He steps closer, his tone sharp and accusing.

THE CENTURION (CONT'D)
My loyalty belongs to the Council. To the Dynasty. Not to Immortus' delusions of godhood, and certainly not to your fragile ego.
(pauses; coldly)
One weak link can break the chains of a mighty dynasty!

Rama-Tut glares at him, his pride and fury warring within. He finally straightens, attempting to regain his composure.

RAMA-TUT
You may have saved me once, but I am no weak link nor am I a lapdog.

The Centurion smirks darkly, his voice low and threatening.

THE CENTURION
That's exactly what you are to Immortus. And if you fail him, don't forget whose head will roll first.

He glances at the other Kang variants working tirelessly to construct the fortress, his expression turning contemplative. For a moment, there's a flicker of sadness in his eyes as he surveys the scene. Then, without another word, he turns and strides toward the exit.

THE CENTURION (CONT'D)
Do what you will, Rama-Tut. But don't fail the Council.

(CONTINUED)

Rama-Tut watches him leave, his jaw clenched in suppressed fury. He stands still for a moment, the weight of the words sinking in. Slowly, he turns back to the Conduit, his hand brushing its surface.

As he gazes at his reflection, his eyes fall on his robotic limbs, and a flicker of pity crosses his face—just for an instant. He quickly brushes it aside, anger flaring.

With a violent slam, he drives his scepter into the ground, the sound echoing through the ruins of the fortress. His delusions of grandeur reignite.

RAMA-TUT
(whispering to himself, eyes burning with conviction)
I am no weak link... I will show them. They'll all see. Immortus will see me, recognize my power, my undying loyalty. He will finally see me. He will see me.

84 EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT 84

The camera pulls back, revealing the full scope of destruction. The air is thick with smoke, and the sounds of Kang variants constructing defenses echo across the desolation.

Above it all, the shadow of the Damocles Base looms hauntingly.

85 INT. WAKANDA - ROYAL PALACE COURTYARD - NIGHT 85

The courtyard, normally alive with vibrant energy, is now somber and quiet, illuminated by the flickering light of torches and faintly glowing Wakandan technology.

The remaining Avengers and heroes gather, one by one. Some arrive by air, some by portals, and others simply walk in, their faces heavy with grief and exhaustion. The atmosphere is suffocating, the weight of recent losses pressing down on everyone.

Familiar faces step forward: Captain Marvel, Ms. Marvel, Thor, with Love by his side, her small hand gripping his, Valkyrie follows shortly behind.

Rocket and Groot emerge quietly from the shadows, their usual banter absent. Adam Warlock, Phyla-Vell and Cosmo follow behind.

Doctor Strange, flanked by Clea, Wong, America Chavez, Wonder

man, Shang-Chi, Hulk, Skaar, She-Hulk steps through a shimmering portal. (*Note: Bruce and Jennifer are in their Hulk forms for the remainder of the film*)

Star-Lord/Peter Quill walks in, his gaze softening as he silently greets familiar faces. One by one, Rocket, Groot, Phyla-Vell, Adam Warlock, and Cosmo look up and welcome him with open warmth. The group gathers close, and without a word, they all reach out, grasping each other's hands in a simple yet powerful display of family.

Spiderman, Miles, Daredevil, Punisher, Antman/Scott Lang, Hawkeye, Kate Bishop, and Moon Knight arrive, their presence a mix of quiet determination and unspoken unity.

Moon Knight, fully cloaked in his imposing Moon Knight persona, steps forward to Sam. His usually intense demeanor softens just for a moment as he extends a hand towards him. There's a weight in that gesture—an offering of respect, of trust. Sam, smiles softly - His face, filled with both gratitude and determination, responds as he steps forward and shakes Moon Knight's hand firmly.

In the background, Shang-Chi stands near Ms. Marvel, his hands fidgeting as he glances nervously at the 10 Rings on his wrists. Kamala, similarly, clutches her bangles, her shoulders slouched with guilt.

No one speaks. The once-mighty Avengers exchange solemn nods and quiet embraces, but the silence is deafening.

Grief lingers in the air as Shuri watches from the steps of the palace, her expression stoic yet burdened. Sam Wilson walks up followed by Nick Fury, his shield strapped to his back, his face a mix of sorrow and determination. Fury places a reassuring hand on Sam's shoulders, nodding.

86 INT. WAKANDA - HIGH COMMAND ROOM - NIGHT 86

The gathered heroes stand in a semicircle, the room illuminated by the blue glow of holographic maps showing Earth's shattered state. Burned cities, crumbled landmarks, and massive warships hover ominously. At the center of it all, Sam Wilson surveys the room, readying himself to speak. But before he can, Scott Lang steps forward.

Scott looks broken. His face is pale, his eyes bloodshot and sunken. His suit is tattered, and his hands tremble as he clutches a battered helmet. The room falls silent as all eyes turn to him.

SCOTT LANG
(voice cracking)
Before Cap says anything... I need to say something first.

Scott looks down at his helmet, his voice filled with guilt and anguish.

SCOTT LANG (CONT'D)
I met him. One of them. Kang. He called himself The Conqueror.

The room stiffens at the name. Scott looks up, his eyes meeting the others, his voice trembling as he continues.

SCOTT LANG (CONT'D)
He told me... he told me his variants were coming. That they'd burn everything.

He swallows hard, his voice breaking.

SCOTT LANG (CONT'D)
And I didn't listen. I thought... I thought we stopped him. I thought we won. But we didn't. And now my family—Cassie, Hope, Hank, Janet... they're all gone.

His words hang in the air like a weight. Kamala Khan looks away, tears welling in her eyes. Shang-Chi lowers his gaze, his guilt mirrored in his expression. Scott's voice grows softer, filled with despair.

SCOTT LANG (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I should've done more. He was right, he said he was the only one who could stop them and now because of me-
(breaks down crying)
I brought all this on you all. I'm so sorry.

The room remains silent. Finally, Sam steps forward, placing a firm hand on Scott's shoulder.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
(steady)
This isn't on you, Scott. None of us could've seen this coming.
(turns to Strange and Wong)
Strange, Wong, what do we know about these guys?

Doctor Strange exhales slowly, his expression tense. With a flick of his fingers, he conjures a hologram of the Kangs—a series of images flickering to life, showing the faces of the Council, including the main trio.

DOCTOR STRANGE
We don't know much. There are a lot of whispers across the cosmos, fragmented stories, but what we do know is... they're variants of one man. Nathaniel Richards. A genius from the 31st century. He started as a visionary, but... it all went horribly wrong.

The hologram shifts, focusing on the main trio of Kangs: Kang the Conqueror, Rama-Tut, and the masked figure known as He Who Remains.

WONG
(grimly)
All we know is that his varaints found each other. They formed the Council of Kangs—a multiversal empire bent on one thing: domination. Destruction. They've destabilized entire timelines. These Council of Kangs don't just threaten one world, they threaten every world.

In another corner of the room, Shang-Chi clears his throat, stepping hesitantly into the circle. Kamala follows, clutching her bangles tightly. Both look around nervously before Shang-Chi speaks.

SHANG-CHI
I think… I think I'm a part of this is on me too.

Kamala nods, her voice quiet and trembling.

MS. MARVEL
The Kangs… they came here because of these.

She holds up her bangles, while Shang-Chi raises his wrists to show the 10 Rings. The room is silent for a moment before Thor steps forward, his voice steady and commanding.

THOR
(sincerely)
You bear no blame for this. These relics—they didn't create the Kangs. They only sought to use them for their

CONTINUED:

THOR (CONT'D)
own ends.

Spider-Man, clutching the old polaroid of Ned and MJ, steps closer, looks at his fellow heroes, his voice calm but resolute.

SPIDER-MAN
Thor's right. You didn't ask for this. None of us did.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
We have lost so much. Our friends, our homes… our world. The Kangs didn't just tear apart our cities—they tried to break us.

His voice grows stronger, filled with conviction.

CAPTAIN AMERICA (CONT'D)
But they failed.

The room stirs slightly as the heroes exchange glances, the faintest flicker of hope returning to their eyes.

CAPTAIN AMERICA (CONT'D)
They think they've won, but they don't know who they're dealing with. Every time we've been knocked down, we've stood back up. Every time we've faced the impossible, we've found a way to win.

He steps forward, holding his shield aloft.

CAPTAIN AMERICA (CONT'D)
We're not just fighting for revenge. We're fighting for the future. For the people we've lost. For the people still out there, counting on us.

Sam looks directly at Spider-Man, then at Strange, his tone resolute.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
We're not waiting for them to strike again. If they want these damn relics so bad - this time we take the fight to them!

The room hums with a growing energy, the tension turning into determination. Spider-Man steps forward, and points to Washington D.C. on the hologram Infront of them.

(CONTINUED)

SPIDER-MAN
They're using Washington, D.C. as their stronghold. That's where we hit them.

DOCTOR STRANGE
(nodding, focused)
Their power is centralized not just on Earth, but in orbit—at Damocles Base. It's a massive, fortified station surrounded by an impenetrable forcefield. We need to take down both the Kang's conduit fortress and their main warship before they can merge the Rings with the Nega-Bands.

A holographic projection of the base appears, floating in space—a monolithic structure that seems to pierce the void itself. Jagged spires stretch up, surrounded by a swirling energy field, pulsing with unstable energy. It looks like the heart of a dying star, surrounded by shards of cosmic debris.

DOCTOR STRANGE (CONT'D)
(voice grim, leaning in closer to the map)
If they succeed... they won't just control reality—they'll reshape it, irreparably. The balance of everything is at risk.

WONG
(interrupting, urgent)
I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but that shouldn't be our main worry - the longer the Council of Kangs' presence in this universe lingers, the higher the risk of an incursion. Time is critical.

SPIDER-MAN
Incursion?

DOCTOR STRANGE
(pauses, glancing at the team, his tone shifting to serious and stern)
An incursion is a catastrophic event where two or more realities from the multiverse collide—leading to the potential destruction of one or both universes.

MILES
(processing)
That sounds... bad. Really bad.

DOCTOR STRANGE
Which is why If we're going to act, we need to act now.

Sam places his shield on the table, the metallic clang echoing through the room. He addresses the group with unwavering confidence.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
We're splitting into three teams. Each team goes after one of the main three Kangs and their squads.

A holographic projection of Immortus' warship hovering in orbit. Sam points to it.

CAPTAIN AMERICA (CONT'D)
Team One—Earthbound. We're taking out the main Kang base orbiting Earth.
(Looks at Shuri)
Shuri, I need you to lock in and figure out how we can get past that force field.
(to his team)
Our job's simple: destroy their central command and protect the Nega-Bands. That means, Kamala, you're sticking with me.

MS. MARVEL
(grinning)
Yes! Best seat on the mission, right next to you!

CAPTAIN MARVEL
(stepping forward, with Valkyrie; a knowing smile)
And us.

BLACK PANTHER
(with confidence, joining the group)
You're not going anywhere without us.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
(smiling, a bit relieved)
Glad to have you both.

STAR-LORD
(walking up with the Guardians, a playful smirk on his face)
Hey, we're not just here for the snacks. We want in on the fun, too.

ROCKET
(grinning, sarcastic)
Yeah, nothing like a little apocalyptic chaos to spice up the day.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
Team Two, Spider-Man, we'll need you and your team to take down and dismantle their fortress in Washington D.C.

Spider-Man nods, his jaw tightening as Miles Morales steps up beside him. Daredevil and Punisher offer Spider-Man and Miles a reassuring nod. Hawkeye and Kate Bishop gather behind them, determined.

CAPTAIN AMERICA (CONT'D)
And Team Three, Strange, you're in charge of diverting them away from the Rings. Take them to some damn portal somewhere in some other realm. We have to get as many of the Kangs off Earth and off universe as we can. And whatever happens, Make sure the Ten Rings don't fall into their hands.

DOCTOR STRANGE
(nodding)
The more of them we get away from this universe decreases the chance of an incursion.

Wong and Clea exchange a solemn glance before nodding.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
(looks over to Spider-Man's team)
Spider-Man and his team use the rings to lure them into another dimension long enough for Spider-Man and his team to destory the fortress.

Thor and Love file in behind Strange and Clea. The heroes begin to fill in more closely now. Determination rising within.

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THOR
(grinning, raising Mjolnir)
The Kangs are about to realize they bit off more than they can chew.

LOVE
Yeah, it's Kang bang time!

ROCKET
(turns to Groot and Cosmo)
You know I would personally have chosen my vocabulary a bit more carefully.

COSMO
You're Mind is always in the gutter.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
(raising his voice)
I'm not going to lie to you. This won't be easy. Some of us might not come back. But if we don't fight, there won't be a world left to save.

His voice grows fiercer, echoing with passion.

CAPTAIN AMERICA (CONT'D)
Today, we don't just fight for ourselves. We fight for every single person who believes in us. For every life that depends on us. The Kangs may have shattered our world, but they will never break our spirit.

The heroes, once weighed down by grief, now stand taller. Thor grips his hammer tightly, while Shuri places her hand on her Panther necklace. Hulk, Skaar and She-Hulk clench their fists, his massive frame trembling with contained power.

CAPTAIN AMERICA (CONT'D)
(raising his shield)
This is our world. And we're taking it back.

87 EXT. WAKANDA - LAUNCH PAD - NIGHT 87

The camera follows the heroes as they prepare to leave for their missions. There's little conversation, just the sound of footsteps and the hum of Wakandan ships powering up. The Avengers exchange quiet nods, their eyes filled with resolve.

Star-Lord, Rocket, Groot, Phyla-Vell, and Cosmo—stand near a Wakandan ship, taking in the weight of the moment. Thor lands

(CONTINUED)

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with a solid thump nearby, giving them a casual nod as he adjusts his cloak.

THOR
(smiling grandly)
Ah, my dear Guardians! It's been far too long since we've shared glorious battle!

ROCKET
(deadpan)
Yeah, we missed you too, Blondie. You left us with a spaceship full of goat poop.

Thor looks genuinely confused.

THOR
Goat poop? I don't—oh. Toothgnasher and Toothgrinder. Such noble beasts. You were blessed by their presence!

STAR-LORD
(cutting in, annoyed)
Do you have any idea what it was like to clean goat droppings out of ventilation systems?!

THOR
(laughing heartily)
A warrior's task! Builds character, Quill. You're welcome.

COSMO
(perking up)
Cosmo smelled goats for weeks! Terrible.

Thor turns to Groot, as if seeking solidarity. Groot looks up at him, tilting his head.

THOR
Surely, you enjoyed their company, Groot?

87

GROOT
(sincerely)
I am Groot.

ROCKET
(laughing)
Yeah, he said, "Don't drag me into this, bro."

(CONTINUED)

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Phyla-Vell smirks, clearly amused by the dynamic. Cosmo sniffs the air around Thor, wrinkling her nose.

COSMO
Thor smells like… wet cape.

Phyla-Vell crouches next to Love, offering a small smile.

PHYLA-VELL
(softly)
Your father speaks highly of you. Says you've got the heart of a warrior.

Love looks up at her, her voice quiet but firm.

LOVE
I'm ready to fight.

Phyla chuckles lightly, ruffling Love's hair.

PHYLA-VELL
You remind me of someone I used to know.

Simon Williams walks in, looking a bit unsure. He slowly apporaches Shang-Chi, She-Hulk, Skaar and Hulk who all look up and smile. Famialr faces, old friends. She-Hulk hugs Simon.

HULK
(grinning)
Simon!

SHE-HULK
(hugging him)
You've been missed. Seriously. Don't disappear on us again.

WONDER MAN
(laughing, pulling back)
I'll try not to. Too much awesome to miss.

HULK
(grunts, small smile)
We missed you, Buddy.

WONDER MAN
(smiling, nervous)
I missed you all too. I wish we were meeting again in better circumstances, but I just want you all to know. I'm here and she would've wanted that for

(MORE) (CONTINUED)

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WONDER MAN (CONT'D)
me.

Hulk, She-Hulk and Shang-Chi look at one another, they warmly come together and embrace each other.

SHE-HULK
As long as we all have each other, we'll be alright.

RHODEY
(walking in, raising an eyebrow)
What's this, a team meeting or a therapy session?

WONDER MAN
(grinning)
Therapy. You in?

RHODEY
(pauses, joins the embrace)
Yeah man, I got a ton of issues I need to work out.

Kamala stands near the edge of the gathering. Her gaze is distant, haunted. Carol and Valkyrie approach her, their movements calm but deliberate.

CAPTAIN MARVEL
Kamala.

Kamala glances up, her eyes filled with guilt and uncertainty. She quickly looks back down, shaking her head before they can say more.

MS. MARVEL
(quietly)
I know what you're gonna say.

VALKYRIE
Do you?

MS. MARVEL
This is all because of me. The Bangles--everything. I saw it in my dreams, Carol. The ones with Monica.

She grips her bangles tighter, her voice trembling. Carol steps closer, crouching slightly to meet Kamala's eyes. Her tone is gentle but firm.

CAPTAIN MARVEL
(interrupting, her voice steady)
No. This is too much to put on yourself. This isn't your fault.

Kamala glances between them, her chest still tight with guilt. She looks down at her bangle, then back up at them.

MS. MARVEL
But what if they get it? What if they take my grandma's bangle?

Carol places her hands gently on Kamala's shoulders, her voice filled with warmth and reassurance.

CAPTAIN MARVEL
They won't. Not while we're here.

Valkyrie rests a hand on the hilt of her sword, her smirk faint but unwavering.

VALKYRIE
And if they try? We'll remind them why messing with you was the worst decision they ever made.

WITNESS

Kamala exhales shakily, a small, tentative smile forming on her lips. She nods, her voice quiet but resolute. Carol smiles, her tone softening even more.

CAPTAIN MARVEL
That's my girl.

Valkyrie nudges Kamala lightly, her smirk warming.

VALKYRIE
Let's go make Monica proud.

Kamala looks up at them, her smile growing stronger. Together, the three embrace and walk towards the gathering heroes.

Peter watches Miles Morales check his web-shooters with laser focus. After a beat, Peter walks over.

SPIDER-MAN
Hey, Miles. Can we talk?

Miles sighs, cutting him off before Peter can say more.

MILES
Yeah. You're gonna tell me I was wrong for making jokes all the time, that I

CONTINUED:

MILES (CONT'D)
wasn't taking things seriously enough—

SPIDER-MAN
(interrupting, firmly)
No.

Miles stops, surprised. Peter looks him straight in the eye, his voice steady but kind.

SPIDER-MAN (CONT'D)
I wasn't going to say that. Miles, you weren't the problem—I was.

Miles blinks, confused. Peter steps closer, his tone softening.

SPIDER-MAN (CONT'D)
I let my emotions get the better of me. I blamed you when I should've been looking at myself. You've been out here doing everything you can, and I—
(pause, sighing)
I failed you as the guy who's supposed to set the example.

Miles looks down, his lips pressing into a thin line. Peter gently nudges him with his shoulder, offering a small smile.

SPIDER-MAN (CONT'D)
Miles, I'm proud of you. You've got nothing to prove to me. I trust you, okay? And you can trust me to lead the way.

MILES
(quietly)
I just… I wanna prove to you that I can do this. That I'm ready for this.

Peter steps closer, placing both hands on Miles' shoulders.

SPIDER-MAN
Miles, You don't need to prove anything. I already know you're ready. You've been ready.

Miles exhales, his shoulders loosening slightly. But Peter's tone becomes more serious now, the older brother energy kicking in.

SPIDER-MAN (CONT'D)
But… if you're gonna fight alongside

(MORE) (CONTINUED)

SPIDER-MAN (CONT'D)
me, you've gotta' promise me one thing.

MILES
(raising an eyebrow)
What's that?

SPIDER-MAN
Stay close. No wild moves, no senseless risks, no "I'll handle this on my own" moments. You got that?

MILES
(smiling faintly)
Deal.

Peter extends his fist, grinning.

SPIDER-MAN
Spider-Bros?

Miles' smile widens as he bumps Peter's fist.

MILES
Spider-Bros.

WELLS

Moon Knight emerges from the shadows, his stark white suit almost glows in the flickering torchlight. Miles, standing beside Spider-Man, Daredevil and Punisher stares in awe, his voice breaking the air.

MILES (CONT'D)
Okay, that's officially the coolest suit I've ever seen.

MOON KNIGHT
(voice gravelly, without missing a beat)
It's not just a suit, kid. It's vengeance wrapped in righteousness.

Miles' eyes widen as Spider-Man nudges him lightly, amused despite the tension.

SPIDER-MAN
(grinning)
Oh yeah - We're definitely taking him. I call dibs, He's on my team!

Shang-Chi leans against the table, glancing over at Ms. Marvel, who's nervously fidgeting with her bangles. He speaks softly, trying to ease the tension in the air.

CONTINUED:

SHANG-CHI
(pointing at the bangle)
You know, these things picked us for a reason.

MS. MARVEL
(eyebrow raised)
Oh yeah? What reason's that?

SHANG-CHI
Because we're stubborn enough to not just chuck them in a drawer and forget about it.

MS. MARVEL
(laughing)
Yeah, lucky no one handed us the instruction manual.

SHANG-CHI
(grinning)
It'd be in ancient Chinese. No one would read it anyway.

AMERICA CHAVEZ strolls up, overhearing.

AMERICA CHAVEZ
Those things are so cool - You guys got rings and bangles. I get to punch holes in reality. I wish I had a user guide.

MS. MARVEL
(wide-eyed)
Wait, you can just go anywhere? That's, like... way cooler than my wristband.

AMERICA CHAVEZ
(shrugging)
Yeah, it's like skipping the line at Disney World. Except with more punching.

SHANG-CHI
So basically, you're the fast-pass to the multiverse?

AMERICA CHAVEZ
(grinning)
Exactly. No traffic, no waiting. I'm living the dream.

(CONTINUED)

WONG walks in, looking like he's just had enough.

WONG
(sighing dramatically)
Great. While you guys are playing with your cool toys, the Multiverse is literally going to shit.

The three stare wild-eyed as Wong scoffs and leaves.

MS. MARVEL
That sure is an angry wizard.

SHANG-CHI
(shrugs)
You know he's actually a pretty good karaoke singer.

In a shadowed corner of the courtyard, away from the gathering heroes, a small group of world leaders huddle together, their voices hushed but tense. They glance toward the Avengers assembling nearby, their eyes filled with doubt and unease.

BRITISH PRIME MINISTER
(whispering, exasperated)
We've seen this before. The Avengers show up, make grand speeches, and then leave us to clean up the mess. How do we know they can finish this?

GERMAN CHANCELLOR
(scoffing)
Finish it? They're the reason we're in this mess. Half of them brought these relics here in the first place!

FRENCH PRESIDENT
(leaning in)
We cannot put the fate of the world in their hands. Not this time.

The Japanese Prime Minister speaks up, his tone measured but carrying weight.

JAPANESE PRIME MINISTER
Then we must consider Earth's last defense.

The other leaders fall silent at the mention, exchanging uneasy glances. The German Chancellor stiffens, his voice lowering further.

GERMAN CHANCELLOR
You mean the… contingency Ross promised us?

BRITISH PRIME MINISTER
(nods grimly)
The Adamantium Sentinels.

The tension thickens. Some of the leaders nod reluctantly, others exchange uneasy glances. The French President glances toward Nick Fury, who stands across the courtyard, observing the heroes. After a beat, the president steps forward and calls out to him.

FRENCH PRESIDENT
Director Fury!

Fury turns, his expression unreadable as he approaches the group. His stride is calm, deliberate.

NICK FURY
(raising an eyebrow)
Something I can help you with?

FRENCH PRESIDENT
It's time to activate the contingency.

Fury's face tightens, his jaw clenching as he realizes what she's referring to.

NICK FURY
(quietly, firmly)
The contingency is a last resort.

GERMAN CHANCELLOR
(stepping in)
And we are at the last resort, Director. Earth is burning, and those heroes won't save it.

NICK FURY
They've saved it before. Give them some damn time.

BRITISH PRIME MINISTER
(icy)
We don't have time. The Sentinels were built for this exact scenario.

Fury's eyes narrow, his voice lowering dangerously.

NICK FURY
Ross' Sentinels are a Pandora's box,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK FURY (CONT'D)
and you know it. Once they're out, there's no putting them back.
(steadily)
Give them time. If anyone can pull off the impossible, it's them.

The leaders exchange frustrated glances, but they don't press further—for now. Fury looks back at them, his voice calm but edged with warning.

NICK FURY (CONT'D)
If the time comes… I'll make the call. But not a second before.

The leaders reluctantly nod, their distrust still evident. Fury walks away, his shoulders tense, his gaze distant.

88 INT. UNDERGROUND SHIELD COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT 88

The SHIELD command Center is dimly lit but a hive of activity. Agents rushing between consoles. One of the senior Agent's phone rings.

SHEILD AGENT
(picks up phone)
Fury.

NICK FURY
(voice hardening)
It's time. Bring the Sentinels online.

The SHEILD Agent freezes for a moment, his jaw tightening. He glances at a nearby screen displaying the dormant Sentinels, massive humanoid machines constructed from Adamantium, standing motionless in an underground hangar. Their glowing eyes flicker faintly, waiting for activation.

89 EXT. WAKANDA - LAUNCH PAD - NIGHT 89

Sam turns to Spider-Man and Doctor Strange as the teams begin to board their respective transports. The three leaders share a moment of silent understanding before Sam speaks.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
This is it. No second chances.

SPIDER-MAN
(nods)
Let's make it count, Captain.

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR STRANGE
(serious)
We will. We have to.

TEAMS BREAKDOWN:

Earthbound Team - Target: Immortus - Objective: Destroy Damocles Base and keep the Mega-Bands safe

Captain America (Leader), Captain Marvel, Hulk, Skaar, She-Hulk, WonderMan, Black Panther/Shuri, Ms. Marvel, Star-Lord, She-Hulk, Rocket Raccoon, Groot, Falcon

Street-Level Team - Target: Rama-Tut - Objective: Destroy Rama-Tut's Fortress and the Conduit

Spider-Man (Leader), Miles Morales, Daredevil, Punisher, Ant-Man, Hawkeye, Kate Bishop, Ironheart, War Machine, Moon Knight

Cosmic Team - Target: The Centurion - Objective: Keep the 10 Rings Safe

Dr. Strange (Leader), Clea, Wong, America Chavez, Thor, Love, Valkyrie, Shang-Chi, Adam Warlock, Phyla-Vell, Cosmo

90 NT. AVENGERS SPACECRAFT - NIGHT 90

The Avengers' spacecraft hums with power as the Earthbound team—Captain America (Leader), Captain Marvel, Hulk, Skaar, She-Hulk, WonderMan, Black Panther/Shuri, Ms. Marvel, Star-Lord, She-Hulk, Rocket Raccoon, Groot, Falcon

The faint rumble of the engines fills the cabin as they take their seats. Rocket sits at the controls, muttering under his breath as Groot assists him. The tension is palpable, but Rocket, ever the opportunist, decides to break it with a familiar joke.

ROCKET
All right, let's run it back - who here hasn't been to space yet?

Everyone glances around awkwardly. Sam Wilson raises his hand, trying to look nonchalant. She-Hulk slowly raises her hand but Hulk gently lowers her hand. Rocket turns slowly, his expression morphing into mock disbelief.

ROCKET (CONT'D)
Wait a second… Captain America? A space virgin.. Wouldn't be the first time.

MS. MARVEL
(cracking up)
Oh my gosh, Rocket, stop!

WONDER MAN
(chuckling softly)
Space virgin. That's a new one.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
Yeah, yeah, laugh it up. Let's just make sure I survive my first time, okay?

STAR-LORD
Don't worry, Cap. First time's always bumpy.

The team chuckles, the moment lightening the heavy mood for just a second. Rocket presses a few buttons, and the engines roar to life, vibrating the cabin.

ROCKET
(strapping in)
All right, folks, next stop: Damocles Base. Strap in, and try not to throw up.

WEISS

91 INT. AVENGERS SPACECRAFT - IN TRANSIT 91

As the spacecraft ascends into the atmosphere, the cabin grows quieter. Earth disappears below them, replaced by the endless void of space.

Captain America stands near the console, addressing the team. A holographic display of Damocles Base and the Nega-Bands flickers to life in the center of the room.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
(serious, focused)
Listen up. Our mission is simple: get to Damocles Base, destroy it, and secure the Nega-Bands before Immortus uses them to wipe out the rest of the universe.

He turns to Ms. Marvel, his tone softening slightly.

CAPTAIN AMERICA (CONT'D)
Kamala, I need you to tell me more about those bangles. Anything you know—anything your family's told you—that could give us an edge.

CONTINUED:

MS. MARVEL
(nervously)
Honestly, Cap, we don't know much. They've been in my family for generations, but… The Council of Kangs seems to know more about them than we ever could.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
That's what worries me.

HULK
That, and the fact that Damocles Base has a force field strong enough to withstand a direct hit from a nuclear warhead.

BLACK PANTHER
(turning from her station)
I've been analyzing it. The energy signature is unlike anything I've ever seen—far beyond Wakandan tech.

She places a small container on the console. Inside, a swirling purplish energy pulses, casting an eerie glow across the cabin.

BLACK PANTHER (CONT'D)
I recreated a small portion of it in my lab. This is just a fraction of its power.

The team leans in to examine it, the energy flickering ominously in the dim light.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
(nodding)
Good work, Shuri. Keep analyzing it. We'll need a way to get past that field.

ROCKET
(snickering)
Yeah, because getting squished like bugs isn't on my to-do list.

92 EXT. EARTH - WAKANDA - NIGHT 92

Back in Wakanda, the world leaders huddle together near a communications station. Their distrust of the Avengers grows with every passing second. Nick Fury stands nearby, speaking into his phone with a SHIELD agent.

(CONTINUED)

NICK FURY
(into phone)
Hold the line. The Avengers will get it done. Just keep those… things on standby.

One of the world leaders, the German Chancellor, steps forward, her voice sharp.

GERMAN CHANCELLOR
Enough stalling, Fury. We can't gamble the planet on your faith in them.

She snatches the phone from Fury's hand, her tone commanding.

GERMAN CHANCELLOR (CONT'D)
(to the agent)
Deploy the sentinels! Now.

NICK FURY
Motherfu—

93 EXT. EARTH - GLOBAL SENTINEL HANGERS - NIGHT 93

Across the globe, massive hangar doors rumble open, the ground trembling as towering Adamantium Sentinels come to life. Their glowing eyes ignite in the darkness, and engines roar as one after another, the massive machines launch into the air. Their sleek, metallic frames reflect the burning Earth below as they rise into the sky.

The camera tracks the Sentinels as they ascend, cutting through the atmosphere and heading straight for Damocles Base, their ominous silhouettes glinting against the void of space.

94 INT. AVENGERS SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS 94

The team feels a sudden tremor through the ship as alarms blare. Rocket glances at the controls, frowning.

ROCKET
Uh… we've got company.

GROOT
(reacting)
I am Groot!

Through the windows, the Sentinels streak past, their glowing forms heading straight for Damocles Base. The team stares in stunned silence.

SHE-HULK
What… what are those?

CAPTAIN AMERICA
(quietly, to himself)
Something Ross left behind.

He straightens, his focus snapping back.

95 EXT. AVENGERS SPACECRAFT - SPACE - COTNINUOUS 95

The spacecraft hurtles toward Damocles Base, the dark void of space lit by the distant glow of Earth's destruction.

96 INT. AVENGERS SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS 96

A holo-call flickers on the console, displaying Nick Fury's face. His voice is gruff, but there's a sharp edge of urgency.

NICK FURY
Cap, you need to know—Ross' contingency plan is in motion. The Sentinels have launched.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
(slightly tense)
We saw them. Don't worry, Fury. We've got this.

NICK FURY
(leaning in, his voice low)
Just don't let them get in your way.

Fury hesitates for a moment, his expression grim, then ends the call. The team exchanges uneasy glances but refocuses as the ship nears Damocles Base.

Hulk pulls up an pad, displaying a hologram of the Nega-Bands and the surrounding energy pulses. The bands glow with a strange, almost living power.

HULK
(gesturing to the display)
These "Nega-Bands"… they're not just some relics. They're feeding off an energy pulse unlike anything I've ever seen.

MS. MARVEL
(staring at the display)
It's the same energy I felt in my bangle…

CONTINUED:

HULK
If somehow, we can figure out how to channel it, their power easily surpasses Shang-Chi's Ten Rings.

Before anyone can respond, the ship shakes as dozens of Adamantium Sentinels streak past the windows at terrifying speed. The team instinctively ducks at the sudden rush of movement.

GROOT
I am Groot!

ROCKET
Holy shit!

Through the windows, the Sentinels begin firing a relentless barrage of energy blasts at Damocles Base. The air is filled with flashes of light as the explosions ripple across the warship's shields.

The blasts hit hard, but the shields hold steady, glowing with a purplish energy that seems unbreakable.

97 INT. DAMOCLES BASE - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS 9

On the bridge of the warship, Immortus stands motionless, his dark fingers curling as if gripping invisible strings.

His eyes gleam with ecstasy as he senses the power of the Nega-Bands, glowing faintly on a pedestal before him. His voice is a low murmur, almost to himself.

IMMORTUS
(whispering)
So much power… I can feel you calling to me.

98 INT. AVENGERS SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS 9

Inside the ship, the team watches the glowing bands on their holographic display. Kamala's eyes widen as the bands seem to pulse in sync with her bangle. She steps closer to the console. Captain Marvel and the other notice this.

CAPTAIN MARVEL
(leaning forward, her expression focused)
It's like they're responding to something.

Captain America nods, his voice steady but urgent.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
Carol, Simon—you're up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN MARVEL
(nods)
Let's see what these shields are made of.

The two step toward the airlock as the rest of the team watches. Rocket, piloting the spacecraft, glances at them over his shoulder.

ROCKET
Try not to get vaporized out there.

99 EXT. EARTH'S ORBIT - NIGHT 99

The black void of space glows faintly as Captain Marvel and Wonder Man streak toward Damocles Base, energy surging from their hands.

Captain Marvel's binary flames glow like a star, while Wonder Man's ionic energy pulses with a sharp intensity. They unleash a coordinated barrage of blasts at the warship's shields, but the energy dissipates harmlessly against the glowing barrier.

100 INT. AVENGERS SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS 100

Captain America and the others watches the holographic display, frowning as their attacks seem to have no effect. Behind him, Rocket and Star-Lord bank the ship, preparing for a strafing run.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
(to Rocket)
Line us up for a shot.

ROCKET
(steering)
Yeah, because what we're doing is working so great so far.

The spacecraft banks sharply, unleashing its own barrage of energy blasts at the warship. Like the others, the attacks fizzle against the impenetrable shields.

101 EXT. EARTH'S ORBIT - CONTINUOUS 101

Wonder Man hovers in place, unleashing another massive ionic blast. His energy collides with the shield, but nothing happens. He turns to Captain Marvel, frustration etched across his face.

WONDER MAN
(annoyed)
I'm throwing everything I've got at it, and it's not even cracking.

CAPTAIN MARVEL
(gritting her teeth)
We'll break through. We have to.

102 INT. AVENGERS SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS 102

Captain America turns to the rest of the team, his voice calm but insistent.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
Keep at it. We can't afford to take any chances. If we fail to break through—

CAPTAIN MARVEL
(over comms, interrupting)
Don't say that, Cap. We'll find a way through.

Captain America nods, gripping his shield tighter as the battle rages on.

FILES

103 EXT. EARTH'S ORBIT - CONTINUOUS 103

The camera pans back, showing the massive scale of the battle. The Sentinels continue their assault on Damocles Base, their relentless blasts lighting up the void.

Captain Marvel and Wonder Man streak around the warship, their attacks unwavering despite the shield holding steady. The unsettling glow of the shield pulses, almost alive, as if taunting them.

104 EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - RAMA-TUT'S FORTRESS - NIGHT 104

A swirling portal opens in the decimated streets of Washington D.C., carved into the earth by Wong and Doctor Strange.

The heroes emerge in waves: Spider-Man, Moon Knight, Miles Morales, Punisher, Antman, Ironheart, Hawkeye, Kate Bishop, and others. Overhead, Thor streaks through the sky, Mjolnir glowing with lightning, Love wielding her smaller version beside him.

The fortress looms in the distance, its jagged walls glowing with alien energy. Thousands of Kang variants swarm its defenses, setting up turrets and battlements. Overhead,

massive Kang gunships descend, their engines rumbling like thunder.

105 INT. KANG GUNSHIP - NIGHT 105

Inside one of the gunships, a higher-ranking Kang Commander with dreadlocks paces in front of his troops. He wears sleek, battle-scarred armor and has the demeanor of a hardened war general—until he speaks with a thick Jamaican accent and a faint lisp. His voice echoes through the dimly lit cabin, filled with Kang soldiers readying for battle.

KANG COMMANDER
(booming with enthusiam)
Lissen up, ya bombaclouts! Dis is our time, y'hear me? Dis earth? It nah belong to dem no more, it belong to we!

The soldiers cheer, their fists pounding on their chests or weapons. The Commander's energy is electric as he paces in front of them, waving his hands like a man possessed. His passion unshaken despite his peculiar accent.

KANG COMMANDER (CONT'D)
(voice rising)
We signed up for da Kang Dynasty! We signed up to fight, to tear through like a damn hurricane, man! We gon' show dem who da real power is! Dem Avengers? Dem don't know what hit dem!

YOUNG GEN Z KANG SOLDIER
(nervously, raising his hand, unsure if he should interrupt)
Uh, hey, so like… lowkey? I'm only here 'cause my girl left me for some chad on the varsity team. I mean, like, who even still plays sports in 2025? So I, uh, kinda poisoned 'em both and burned down da whole school. NBD, right?

The cabin goes silent. All heads turn to the pimple-faced Kang soldier, who crosses his arms defensively.

YOUNG KANG SOLDIER
(defensively, speaking quickly)
No, I ain't gonna give you de deets, fam. You weirdos are probably tryna get me to spill da tea. I ain't about that life.

(CONTINUED)

A Kang Soldier in the corner, leans in - concerned.

KANG SOLDIER
I think you need therapy, dude.

The Commander freezes mid-stride, blinking at the unexpected confession. After an awkward beat, he shakes his head and waves it off.

KANG COMMANDER
(uneasy, then back to shouting)
Eh, whatever. Look, de bombaclout Avengers? Dem trembling in dey boots right now! We gon' show dem no mercy! We gon' fight, we gon' win, an' we gon' take dey heads—an' shove it right up dey—

SUDDENLY, the roof of the gunship is ripped open by a thunderous strike. Lightning engulfs the cabin as Thor and Love crash through, Mjolnir and Stormbreaker tearing through metal like paper. The cabin explodes in chaos.

WHISTLES

THOR
(booming)
You thought the gods wouldn't answer, did you?

LOVE
(gleefully)
Bad idea.

Thor throws Mjolnir, obliterating the gunship's controls. Love follows up with a lightning-charged strike, splitting the gunship in two as the crew screams.

106 EXT. RAMA-TUT'S FORTRESS - NIGHT 106

The battlefield below is chaos. Thor and Love descend to join the heroes as they clash with Kang soldiers.

Overhead, more gunships unload legions of Kang variants, the dark sky streaked with flashes of weapons fire and glowing energy.

THE CENTURION emerges atop the fortress walls, holding a massive sound amplifier. He raises it above his head, and a deafening vibration blast surges across the battlefield.

The heroes scream in agony, clutching their ears as the soundwave tears through the air, forcing them to their knees.

THE CENTURION
(taunting)
Kneel before the Dynasty!

Through the chaos, Thor grits his teeth, forcing himself to stand. He looks to Shang-Chi, who is using the Ten Rings to shield himself from the soundwaves.

THOR
(to Shang-Chi)
We need to silence that thing.

SHANG-CHI
(grim, nodding)
I'm with you.

Thor and Shang-Chi leap into action, their combined powers striking at the sound amplifier. The Ten Rings glow brightly, spinning through the air as Thor channels his lightning through them, amplifying the attack. The device explodes in a shower of sparks.

107 INT. RAMA-TUT'S FORTRESS - NIGHT 107

Inside the fortress, Rama-Tut watches the battle unfold from a holographic display. His eyes widen as he spots the Ten Rings in action.

RAMA-TUT
(screaming)
The Sacred Rings! They're here!

Beside him, The Centurion clenches his fists, glancing nervously at Rama-Tut.

THE CENTURION
(gravely)
You know what's at stake. Immortus will not forgive failure.

They exchange a tense look, fear flickering in both their eyes. Rama-Tut slams his staff into the ground, summoning legions of Kang soldiers to the battlefield.

108 EXT. RAMA-TUT'S FORTRESS - NIGHT 108

The Kang soldiers swarm down from the fortress, descending upon the heroes with terrifying precision. The air is thick with the sounds of clashing weapons and explosions. The Ten Rings glow brilliantly as Shang-Chi uses them to hold back waves of enemies. Meanwhile, Thor spins Mjolnir, unleashing a storm of lightning to clear a path.

CONTINUED:

In the chaos, Spider-Man swings through the fray, weaving between blasts and debris. He lands beside Doctor Strange, who is fending off soldiers with spinning glyphs.

SPIDER-MAN
This is it, Doc. We need that diversion now.

DOCTOR STRANGE
(Looks at him; warmly)
Watch you back, Peter.

For a brief moment, Spider-Man looks up at Strange - does he still remember?

Suddenly, Strange opens another portal, redirecting incoming blasts to disorient the Kang forces. Spider-Man turns to his street-level team, shouting over the chaos.

SPIDER-MAN
Miles! Punisher! Moon Knight! With me!

The team moves as one, using the diversion to infiltrate the fortress. As they push forward, Rama-Tut himself steps onto the battlefield, his staff glowing with ancient energy. His voice is a guttural roar.

RAMA-TUT
You dare defile my conduit?!

The battle crescendos as Rama-Tut and his forces throw everything they have at the heroes. The camera pulls back to show the full scale of the chaos—the Avengers and their allies fighting tooth and nail against overwhelming odds, the glow of the Conduit looming ominously in the background.

Moon Knight battles fiercely, his movements precise and brutal as he clashes with Rama-Tut atop a shattered section of the fortress. Rama-Tut, wielding his glowing staff of temporal energy, counters Moon Knight's every strike with ruthless precision.

RAMA-TUT (CONT'D)
You're nothing but a fractured man hiding behind fractured gods!

Rama-Tut spins his staff and delivers a devastating blow, sending Moon Knight hurtling through the chaos. He crashes into rubble, tumbling lifelessly before coming to a stop.

His suit begins to flicker, and faintly, his appearance starts to shift, reverting back into Jake Lockley as unconsciousness takes hold.

Through the smoke and fire, Hawkeye and Kate Bishop spot him.

KATE BISHOP
(yelling)
We've got to get him out of there!

They sprint through the chaos, dodging energy blasts and leaping over rubble. Hawkeye grabs Moon Knight under his arms while Kate covers them, firing precision shots at incoming Kang soldiers. They drag him to safety behind a collapsed pillar.

HAWKEYE
We'll keep him here. Stay low.

Kate looks at Moon Knight's shifting form with concern, but there's no time to dwell.

109 EXT. RAMA-TUT'S FORTRESS - NIGHT 109

Nearby, The Centurion watches Shang-Chi unleash the Ten Rings, the glowing relics weaving through enemies with devastating precision. His eyes narrow, filled with hunger and determination.

THE CENTURION
(to his soldiers)
Advance!

The Centurion leads his forces, cutting a direct path toward Shang-Chi and the heroes protecting him. Shang-Chi braces, spinning the Rings in a defensive orbit as the Kang army closes in.

Across the battlefield, Wong, Clea, America Chavez, and Doctor Strange regroup, energy swirling around their hands as they fend off attackers. Strange is visibly reluctant as Wong gestures toward the air, his tone urgent.

WONG
We need to open a portal to the Gap Junction.

DOCTOR STRANGE
(agitated)
You know what's waiting there, Wong.

CLEA
(stepping forward)
We don't have a choice. The Centurion's forces are too strong.

Strange exhales sharply, then nods. He waves his hands in

precise movements, creating an enormous glowing portal. The portal ripples violently, an eerie light spilling through. America Chavez steps forward, her star-shaped portal at the ready.

DOCTOR STRANGE
(looking to his team)
Into the unknown.

The cosmic team—Strange, Clea, Wong, America Chavez, Thor, Love, and the others—move through the portal just as The Centurion and his forces follow. The portal ripples shut, leaving the battlefield momentarily quieter.

110 EXT. VARIOUS REALMS - PORTAL SEQUENCE 110

The heroes and The Centurion along with his Kang forces are hurled through a series of chaotic realms as America Chavez opens successive portals. Each realm grows more disorienting and hostile.

• A realm of pure fire, where the sky burns red and molten lava pours from the clouds.

• A crystalline dimension, where jagged, reflective surfaces distort the heroes' movements.

• A realm of endless void, where sound disappears entirely, leaving only the unsettling sensation of isolation.

The heroes coordinate their attacks with precision. Strange conjures glyphs to redirect Kang soldiers, while Clea uses daggers of light to cut through the chaos.

Thor wields Mjolnir alongside Shang-Chi, whose Ten Rings glow brilliantly, repelling wave after wave of Kang forces. The Kang soldiers counter with brutal efficiency, their coordination eerily perfect.

111 EXT. THE GAP JUNCTION - CHAOTIC REALM - NIGHT 111

The final portal spits the combatants into the Gap Junction, a chaotic realm of twisting pathways and cosmic voids. The space is guarded by cosmic, ribboned demon-like entities, their massive forms prowling the darkness with glowing red eyes.

The ribboned demons are immediately drawn into the battle, attacking both the heroes and Kang forces indiscriminately. One demon swipes a massive claw, tearing through a Kang squad, while another lets out a bone-rattling screech that sends shockwaves through the battlefield.

DOCTOR STRANGE
(urgently, to the team)
Keep moving!

The heroes press forward, battling Kang soldiers and demons alike in a chaotic frenzy.

112 EXT. EARTH'S ORBIT - DAMOCLES BASE - NIGHT 112

Above Earth, Damocles Base hovers ominously. The Avengers' spacecraft circles the massive warship, its automated defenses firing relentlessly.

Outside the craft, Wonder Man and Captain Marvel launch coordinated energy blasts at the force field protecting the base, but the barrier remains unbroken.

WONDER MAN
(gritting his teeth)
Still nothing. This shield won't budge!

CAPTAIN MARVEL
(frustrated)
Keep at it. We're not giving up.

113 INT. DAMOCLES BASE - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS 113

Inside the warship's bridge, Immortus watches the battle with a mix of amusement and hunger. His fingers twitch as he feels the power radiating from the Nega-Bands, their energy feeding into the ship's systems.

Having had enough, Immortus rises, his eyes glowing with dark energy. With a wave of his hand, his body is surrounded by chaotic magic.

He ejects himself into space, floating ominously toward the Avengers' spacecraft.

114 INT. AVENGERS SPACECRAFT - CONTINUOUS 114

The craft shakes violently as Immortus materializes outside, his massive form glowing with raw energy. Captain America turns sharply to the team.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
(urgent)
Activate your space suits! Now!

The Avengers press touchscreen panels on their seats. Vibranium-plated suits quickly materialize over their bodies, and glowing helmets snap into place.

The ship groans under the force of Immortus' energy as he fires a devastating beam directly at it.

The spacecraft is torn apart in a fiery explosion.

115 EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS 115

As the wreckage floats into space, the Avengers are surrounded by a glowing green energy field—Immortus' power holding them in stasis.

The Sentinels, nearby, are also caught in the field, their glowing Adamantium frames immobilized.

The Avengers struggle, trying to break free, but the field is too strong. Wonder Man thrashes wildly, his ionic energy flaring, while Captain Marvel grits her teeth, her binary form glowing fiercely but unable to break free.

Immortus hovers menacingly above the Avengers, his form colossal and otherworldly. Around him, his elite Kang bodyguards—each clad in dark, intricate armor with glowing purple accents—stand in disciplined formation, their heads bowed as he strides past them.

A purplish energy field surrounds Immortus and his guards, crackling with raw chaos magic.

The Avengers, still restrained in mid-air by Immortus' green energy field, struggle against the invisible binds holding them. Captain America glares at Immortus defiantly, his voice cutting through the eerie silence.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
Let me guess… you're Immortus.

Immortus steps closer, his towering form almost divine as his glowing yellow eyes pierce through the darkness. His bodyguards bow even lower as he passes, their movements reverent, almost cult-like. The tone is twisted, unsettling, as though Immortus believes himself a god.

IMMORTUS
Avengers… I wouldn't have thought you so foolish.

His voice echoes, deep and throaty, with a chilling resonance that sends shivers down their spines. He spreads his arms theatrically, his tone laced with mock benevolence.

IMMORTUS (CONT'D)
Let us reason. It'd be a tragedy, a senseless folly, if you... the brave
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

IMMORTUS (CONT'D)
Avengers... and your Wakandan sanctuary were lost—just over a misunderstanding.

From within the field, Black Panther glares at him, her voice steady but sharp.

BLACK PANTHER
If you even think of touching Wakanda—

CAPTAIN AMERICA
(cutting in, defiant)
Don't lose sleep worrying about us. We're having the time of our lives.

Immortus cackles, a throaty, unsettling laugh that feels almost inhuman. He turns his gaze toward Captain America, amused by his resistance.

IMMORTUS
Brave words, Captain America. I admire your resilience… your devotion. Truly, there is much we could share with one another.

WIP DRAFT

From behind Cap, Star-Lord shouts, his blasters still in hand despite the restraints.

STAR-LORD
Sharing's been great. Haven't you noticed? We've been swapping punches for hours.

Immortus smirks, his eyes glowing brighter as he looks down at them like insects. His voice grows darker, more menacing.

IMMORTUS
Most intriguing. Even now, I can feel your defiance... standing strong against certain death... and a god's presence.

Immortus raises a hand, his fingers curling as his chaos magic courses through the void. Below, the Sentinels, previously deactivated, beam back to life. Their eyes glow an eerie purple, the same color as Immortus' magic.

The Avengers watch in horror as the Sentinels turn toward Earth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IMMORTUS (CONT'D)
(quietly, but with venom)
Destroy Wakanda.

116 EXT. EARTH - WAKANDA - NIGHT 116

From space, a green atomic beam fires from Damocles Base, streaking toward the African continent.

On the ground, Wakandan refugees and the World Leaders scream and scatter as Sentinels descend, their weapons firing indiscriminately. Explosions rip through the air as buildings crumble.

117 EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS 117

The Avengers, reel in terror - still restrained by Immortus' energy field, strain against the glowing green magic.

BLACK PANTHER
(yelling)
No!

Shuri's voice trembles with desperation.

Amidst the chaos, Wonder Man, straining against his restraints, notices a flicker of ionic energy sparking from his hands. His eyes widen with realization, and he concentrates, focusing all his strength into his powers.

IMMORTUS
You Avengers pride yourselves on logic and bravery - I suggest you use both now. Submit to my divinity. Bow at my feet. Hand over the Holy Nega-Bands, and I shall grant you the blessing to live… as my loyal subjects.

The Nega-Bands, glowing faintly beneath Ms. Marvel's space suit, pulse brighter. Immortus' eyes narrow, his lips curling into a twisted smile as he senses their power.

IMMORTUS (CONT'D)
(softly, salivating)
Yes… my holiest relics. You call to me.

Immortus steps toward Ms. Marvel, his body glowing brighter with chaotic energy. She stares back in terror, the bands pulsing in response to his presence.

IMMORTUS (CONT'D)
(whispering, almost reverent)
For I am the worthy Kang. Help me ascend!

For a moment, time seems to slow for Immortus as he reaches out toward Ms. Marvel. The Nega-Bands glow even brighter.

With a massive burst of ionic energy, Wonder Man breaks free, shattering the energy field surrounding him. He immediately fires a powerful blast at Immortus, striking him directly and sending him hurtling backward through space.

The green energy field surrounding the Avengers flickers and fades, dissipating into nothing. For a moment, they plummet into freefall, weightless in the vastness of space.

Then, with a quick motion, they activate their space suits' rocket boosters. Jets of orange and blue flame burst from their backs, halting their descent and sending them shooting through the void with precision.

Their helmets glow in the dark, their bodies quickly stabilizing as they regain control and race through the emptiness.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
(leading the charge)
Avengers- on me!

The Avengers spring into action as Immortus' elite Kang bodyguards charge forward. The battlefield erupts into chaos, energy blasts and melee combat taking over.

• Star-Lord flips through the air, blasting a Kang guard with his dual pistols.

• Captain America and Falcoln battle Kang Guards, hurling them into a cluster of enemies.

• The Hulks—Hulk, She-Hulk, and Skaar—team up to take down a towering Kang bodyguard, each delivering devastating blows.

• Captain Marvel, Ms. Marvel and Wonderman take on Kang Guards as more and more Kang Guards encircle them

118 EXT. GAP JUNCTION - CHAOTIC REALM - NIGHT 118

The Gap Junction is a swirling, chaotic void of glowing platforms, jagged energy streaks, and twisting pathways. The walls of the dimension seem alive, pulsing with an ominous, otherworldly energy.

Dr. Strange, Clea, Wong, America Chavez, Thor, Love, Phyla-Vell, Shang-Chi, Cosmo, Adam Warlock, and Valkyrie battle relentlessly against The Centurion and his Kang forces.

Nearby, demonic ribbon-like entities weave through the chaos, attacking indiscriminately.

LOVE AND PHYLA-VELL - CENTER PLATFORM

On a floating platform, Love wields her smaller Mjolnir, deflecting Kang soldier energy blasts as Phyla-Vell cuts through the enemy with her glowing energy sword. Back to back, they fight with perfect synchronicity, covering each other's weaknesses.

LOVE
(grinning through the chaos)
You're pretty good with that sword.

PHYLA-VELL
(smirking)
You're not so bad with that hammer.

LOVE
(laughing)
My dad would say I'm better.

Phyla blocks a strike and shoves a Kang soldier over the edge of the platform into the glowing abyss below. She glances at Love, raising an eyebrow.

PHYLA-VELL
I'd say you're getting there.

The two exchange a quick smile before charging back into the fray, their bond deepening as they fight side by side.

THE CENTURION'S STRUGGLE - NEAR THE BOOK OF VISHANTI

At the heart of the chaos, The Centurion faces off against Dr. Strange, Clea, Wong, and America Chavez. Strange conjures glowing glyphs that clash with The Centurion's advanced weaponry, sparks flying as the two forces collide.

THE CENTURION
(mocking)
You're all clinging to ancient magic. You think it'll save you? I've seen your multiverse's limits.

CLEA
(cutting in, sharply)
And you're about to learn ours have no

CLEA (CONT'D)
limits.

The Centurion is momentarily staggered as Shang-Chi leaps into the fray, the Ten Rings swirling around him like a hurricane. He sends a powerful pulse of energy toward The Centurion, who barely dodges, landing on a separate platform.

From his vantage point, The Centurion spots the Book of Vishanti, glowing faintly on an isolated platform surrounded by spiraling energy. He pauses, calculating. The Book or the Ten Rings? His orders echo in his mind, but his ambition takes hold.

THE CENTURION
(to himself)
Why serve divinity… when I can be it?

His decision made, The Centurion turns toward the Book of Vishanti and charges. Dr. Strange immediately notices his shift in focus and yells out.

DOCTOR STRANGE
He's going for the Book! Stop him!

The chase begins. The heroes leap across floating platforms, battling The Centurion as he pushes closer to the Book. They clash mid-air, jumping between unstable footholds that crumble beneath their weight.

COSMIC CHAOS - BATTLEFIELD

Meanwhile, on the battlefield, the rest of the Avengers face the unrelenting Kang army and the demonic entities tearing through the Gap Junction.

• Cosmo, using his telekinetic powers, sends a Kang soldier flying into a group of their comrades. He wags his tail, panting happily, before growling ferociously and levitating debris to hurl at more soldiers.

COSMO
Bad Kang! Bad, bad Kang!

• Thor, Love, and Phyla-Vell stand shoulder to shoulder, lightning crackling around them as they lay waste to Kang forces. Thor hurls Mjolnir, taking out three soldiers at once, while Phyla-Vell slices through another with her sword.

• Adam Warlock and Valkyrie fight side by side, unleashing devastating attacks. Warlock's golden energy beams clash with enemy weapons, while Valkyrie's precise strikes carve through the Kang soldiers.

CONTINUED:

VALKYRIE
(grinning at Warlock)
Not bad, golden boy.

WARLOCK
(deadpan)
I aim to impress.

The Kang soldiers fight back with terrifying precision, their advanced weapons and tactics almost overwhelming the heroes.

Lizard Kang and Kangaroo Kang, unique variants, leap into the fray with animalistic ferocity, forcing the Avengers to stay on their toes.

NEAR THE BOOK OF VISHANTI,

The Centurion reaches the glowing platform where the Book of Vishanti rests. Just as his fingers graze its surface, Dr. Strange sends a whip-like spell that wraps around his wrist, pulling him back. The two engage in a vicious, close-quarters battle, their powers clashing violently.

DOCTOR STRANGE
(gritting his teeth)
That's not yours to take.

THE CENTURION
(snarling)
It's not yours to keep.

The platform shudders under the weight of their battle as Clea and Wong join in. America Chavez leaps between collapsing platforms, delivering a powerful punch that sends The Centurion staggering.

The Centurion, desperate, activates a hidden device on his armor. The air around them begins to shimmer, and a swirling portal opens beneath them, pulsating with quantum energy.

In a flash of light, the entire battlefield is transported to the Quantum Realm, a surreal landscape of towering crystalline structures, flowing rivers of energy, and infinite, chaotic dimensions folding in on themselves. The transition is jarring, throwing both heroes and Kang soldiers off balance.

119 EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT 119

The battlefield is chaos as Spider-Man's street-level team struggles against the overwhelming forces of Rama-Tut and his legions of Kang Variants. The fortress looms in the distance, glowing ominously as Kang forces guard the conduit, firing

(CONTINUED)

relentless energy blasts. The heroes are battered, bruised, but relentless.

Spider-Man and Miles Morales swing through the battle, coordinating their attacks seamlessly. They dodge beams and collapsing rubble, their movements fluid and precise. The camera follows them as they take down multiple Kang Variants, each with unique traits and personalities.

A Lizard Kang, slithering on all fours, lunges at them with razor-sharp claws. Miles zaps him with his venom strike mid-swing.

MILES
Did that Kang just hiss at me?

SPIDER-MAN
Let's call that one "Kangzilla."

Miles flips mid-air, webbing another Kang Variant—a Victorian Kang wearing a top hat and monocle—straight into the path of Spider-Man's web swing.

SPIDER-MAN (CONT'D)
(impressed)
Good teamwork, Spider-Bro.

MILES
Spider-Bros for life.

A Samurai Kang leaps out of the shadows, wielding a glowing katana. His attack is precise and dangerous. Spider-Man barely dodges the swing.

SPIDER-MAN
(yelling)
Okay, this one's mine! Samurai Kang's going down!

Miles swings by, snatching the katana with a web and tossing it into a group of Kang soldiers.

On the ground, Hawkeye, Kate Bishop, Daredevil, and Punisher fend off advancing Kang soldiers.

Daredevil uses his billy clubs to deflect energy blasts, while Punisher fires mercilessly at anything that moves. Kate and Hawkeye move in tandem, picking off enemies with precision shots.

Punisher steps in, tossing a grenade into a cluster of Kang soldiers.

PUNISHER
(gruffly)
If you're done with the family reunion, maybe focus on not dying.

Daredevil flips over a Kang soldier, disarming him with ease. He lands beside Punisher, who nods approvingly.

DAREDEVIL
You're a little excessive.

PUNISHER
And you're a little preachy.

SPIDER-MAN'S TEAM - NEARING THE CONDUIT

Spider-Man and Miles swing toward the conduit, but the defenses grow heavier. Kang forces fire massive energy cannons, forcing them to take cover behind rubble.

Rama-Tut steps forward, his staff glowing with power as he directs his army.

RAMA-TUT
You think you can reach the conduit? Fools! You'll die before you touch it!

120 EXT. QUANTUM REALM - CONTINUOUS 120

The Quantum Realm is an alien kaleidoscope of vibrant colors, chaotic energy, and surreal landscapes.

The remnants of Kang the Conqueror's old tower, once a beacon of tyranny, now stands as a warped and twisted monument. The locals have reclaimed it, turning it into a bustling town square with makeshift structures and glowing bioluminescent plants woven into the architecture.

The sky above ripples as The Avengers and The Centurion's army suddenly materialize, crashing onto the ground in a violent burst of energy. The locals stop in their tracks, staring at the new immense Kang arrivals with wide, fearful eyes.

HOLES CREATURE
(Nonchalant)
Oh… yeah. We're screwed.

The atmosphere turns ominous as The Centurion strides forward, flanked by his elite Kang Variants. The air crackles with tension as the locals scatter in terror, leaving the square eerily quiet.

The Avengers regroup quickly, battered but determined.

121 EXT. SPACE - ABOVE EARTH - DAMOCLES BASE 121

Above Earth, the battle in space reaches its boiling point. Rocket presses a button on his belt, activating a hidden feature.

Suddenly, Bucky's arm, equipped with advanced nanotech, snaps onto Rocket's shoulder like an extension of his body.

ROCKET
(grinning)
You wanna play ball? Let's play—get some, bitches!

Rocket uses the arm to tear through Kang bodyguards, punching with brutal force. He lets out a gleeful laugh as Captain America lands beside him, shield raised.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
(high-fiving Rocket)
Now that's what I'm talking about!

IMMORTUS RETURNS - UNLEASHING CHAOS

Suddenly, Immortus appears, his rage palpable as he hovers above the battlefield. His hands glow with dark energy as he unleashes devastating blasts, cutting through the Avengers.

Falcon is struck mid-air and crashes into the debris. Cap dives to help him, pulling him from the wreckage.

CAPTAIN AMERICA (CONT'D)
(urgent)
Stay with me, Torres!

Immortus, sneering, fires another blast, aiming for Cap. Before it can hit, Star-Lord flies in front of the beam, taking the full force. He collapses, his blasters falling from his hands.

ROCKET
(shocked)
Quill - No!

STAR-LORD
(weakly, to Rocket)
Take care of… the crew.

Rocket and Groot cry out in anguish. Rocket charges at Immortus, his weapons blazing, while Groot swings his massive limbs.

CONTINUED:

Immortus easily counters, striking them both down with brutal precision. Groot disintegrates into a purplish mist, his last words echoing faintly.

GROOT
(softly)
I… am… Groot…

Immortus turns his attention to Ms. Marvel, sensing the Nega-Bands. Wonder Man and Captain Marvel launch a coordinated assault, firing a barrage of energy blasts.

Immortus counters with terrifying precision, overpowering them. He sends Wonder Man hurtling into the debris and delivers a killing blow to Captain Marvel, who falls lifelessly.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
Protect Kamala!

The surviving Avengers—Hulk, She-Hulk, Skaar, Wonder Man, and Black Panther—form a protective barrier around Ms. Marvel. Sam lands in front of them, his wings flared and his shield raised.

CAPTAIN AMERICA (CONT'D)
(defiant)
We can do this all day, yellow eyes.

IMMORTUS
(enraged)
Fools!

Immortus unleashes a powerful wave of energy. Skaar and She-Hulk are struck down, collapsing as the energy overwhelms them. This triggers an intense reaction in Hulk, whose rage surges uncontrollably.

Hulk charges at Immortus, his fists glowing with gamma energy. Immortus raises a hand, freezing Hulk mid-charge. With a flick of his wrist, Immortus sends Hulk hurtling across the cosmos, his roar echoing into the void.

122 EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - RAMA-TUT'S FORTRESS - NIGHT 122

The battlefield rages with chaos as Kang forces swarm the Avengers and their allies. The conduit, pulsating with an ominous glow, looms in the background, heavily fortified by Rama-Tut's elite soldiers.

Ironheart and War Machine lead the charge toward it, blasting through waves of Kang Variants with their advanced suits.

(CONTINUED)

IRONHEART
(to War Machine)
Cover me! I'll push forward!

WAR MACHINE
(firing)
You got it. Keep moving!

But the overwhelming numbers prove too much. Kang forces close in from all sides, firing energy blasts. Ironheart's armor is struck multiple times, the impact sending her crashing to the ground.

She struggles to get back up, but another barrage hits her, rendering her motionless.

WAR MACHINE (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Riri!

War Machine dives in to protect her, his weapons firing relentlessly. But he too is overwhelmed. Kang soldiers swarm him, their sheer numbers too great, and his armor is torn apart piece by piece.

Elsewhere, Daredevil and Punisher fight back-to-back, surrounded by Kang soldiers. Daredevil's movements are precise, his senses guiding him through the chaos as he dodges and counters every attack. Punisher, ever the brutal tactician, fires relentlessly.

A wave of Kang soldiers charges toward them. Daredevil spins, his billy clubs ricocheting off multiple soldiers, while Punisher tosses a grenade, creating a brief moment of calm in the chaos.

The two exchange a fleeting grin before being swarmed again. Daredevil, battered and bruised, summons every ounce of strength for a final flurry of rapid strikes, incapacitating the last wave of attackers. His breath is ragged, his body trembling as he falls to one knee, surrounded by more Kang Variants closing in.

Across the battlefield, Spider-Man swings into action, weaving through collapsing debris and energy blasts. He fights valiantly, his agility and web-slinging keeping him in the fight. But as he approaches the conduit, Rama-Tut steps forward, his glowing scepter crackling with temporal energy.

Before Spider-Man can react, Rama-Tut swings his scepter with immense force, striking Spider-Man square in the chest. The blow sends him hurtling, crashing into a pile of rubble.

Spider-Man's mask is torn, revealing his bloodied face as he struggles to rise. His limbs tremble, his vision blurred.

RAMA-TUT
(smirking, cold)
Pathetic. Is this the mighty Spider-Man? I've seen insects with more resilience.
(pauses, watching Spider-Man struggle)
How disappointing. I thought you'd put up more of a fight. But then again, you always were just a boy in a costume.

But his body gives out, and he collapses, barely able to move. His breathing is shallow as he watches Rama-Tut approach with chilling confidence.

From the smoke and fire, Miles Morales steps forward, his body crackling with energy, his eyes burning with rage. He stares down Rama-Tut, unshaken by the overwhelming odds.

MILES
(steady, defiant)
You're not touching him.

Rama-Tut stops, tilting his head with amused curiosity. He twirls his scepter, his voice dripping with condescension.

RAMA-TUT
(mocking)
Brave. Foolish. Entertaining. Tell me, little child, I am *time* itself, boy. I bend it, shape it, erase it. And you—you're nothing but a fleeting *speck* in my grand design. Who are you to challenge the mighty Rama-Tut?!

Miles clenches his fists, the energy growing brighter around him.

MILES
I'm Spider-Man!

SPIDER-MAN
(weakly, reaching out)
Miles… stop. Don't…

Miles doesn't hear him—he charges at Rama-Tut, leaping into the air for a strike. Rama-Tut quickly spinning his scepter and slams it into Miles' chest. The impact is devastating, and Miles collapses to his knees.

Rama-Tut sneers, raising his scepter high. With a swift, brutal motion, he impales Miles through the chest. Time seems to slow as Miles gasps, his energy flickering out. He collapses lifelessly to the ground.

SPIDER-MAN (CONT'D)
(screaming)
No!

Spider-Man's voice is raw, filled with anguish as he watches, unable to move. Rama-Tut steps over Miles' body, his expression one of cruel satisfaction.

RAMA-TUT
(casually)
How disappointing.

Spider-Man's hand trembles as he tries to crawl forward, his screams echoing through the chaos around him.

123 EXT. QUANTUM REALM - TOWER SQUARE - BATTLE ENSUES 123

The Centurion raises his weapon, pointing it toward the Avengers. His voice echoes with authority.

THE CENTURION
Avengers. How many times must you die before you learn to kneel?

THOR
(stepping forward)
We don't kneel.

With a roar, Thor hurls Mjolnir at The Centurion. The battle erupts as both sides charge into the chaos.

• Doctor Strange weaves intricate glyphs in the air, each symbol shimmering with arcane power. Energy blasts are drawn into spiraling vortexes.

• Shang-Chi, his Ten Rings glowing faintly, uses their energy to strike down enemies with precision.

But The Centurion and his Kang soldiers are relentless. Their advanced weapons and coordinated attacks begin to overpower the heroes. One by one, the Avengers fall.

Thor and Love fight side by side, their movements synchronized. Love uses her smaller Mjolnir to deflect a Kang soldier's blade, but as she turns, The Centurion appears behind her. His blade pierces through her chest in a single, brutal motion.

THOR (CONT'D)
(screaming)
LOVE!!!

Love collapses, her weapon clattering to the ground. Thor catches her, cradling her motionless body in his arms. Tears stream down his face as he screams to the heavens, lightning cracking violently above.

THOR (CONT'D)
(roaring)
No!!!

The battlefield seems to pause for a moment as Thor's grief echoes across the square.

Nearby, Shang-Chi lies on the ground, his body bruised and bloodied. He looks up, seeing the devastation around him—Thor holding Love's lifeless body, the fallen Avengers scattered across the battlefield. His hands tighten into fists as he glances down at the Ten Rings, glowing ominously on his arms.

Half of the Rings glow with the warm, golden light of Ta Lo, while the other half emit a cold, blue hue—his father's legacy. Shang-Chi's eyes burn with determination as he slowly rises to his feet.

SHANG-CHI
(softly, to himself)
This ends now.

The Rings begin to pulse with immense energy as Shang-Chi draws on their power, channeling both his mother's teachings and his father's strength.

The energy ripples outward, knocking back nearby Kang soldiers.

The Centurion notices Shang-Chi's resurgence and strides toward him, his weapon glowing with temporal energy. His forces flank him, ready to attack.

THE CENTURION
(smirking)
You think those trinkets make you worthy? They belong to the Dynasty.

SHANG-CHI
(firm)
No. They belong to my father.

The Centurion lunges forward, and the two engage in a ferocious battle. The Rings clash against The Centurion's

CONTINUED:

temporal weapon, sending shockwaves through the air. As they fight, the Rings begin to pull toward The Centurion's weapon, creating a tug-of-war for control.

With a roar of defiance, Shang-Chi channels all his strength into the Rings. The golden and blue energies merge into a blinding light as he yanks the Rings back with incredible force, sending The Centurion staggering.

THE CENTURION
(baffled)
Impossible…

As the battle rages, Clea, gravely injured, uses her remaining strength to conjure a portal. She struggles to hold it open, blood dripping from her wounds.

CLEA
Go… back to Earth… now.

DOCTOR STRANGE
(pained)
Clea, no!

CLEA
(weakly)
This is the only way… Stephen.

WELLS

Strange hesitates but knows she's right. He turns to the surviving heroes—Thor, Shang-Chi, Wong, and America Chavez.

The Avengers begin to retreat through the portal as The Centurion, enraged, charges toward them. In a desperate move, he activates a device on his armor, stealing Doctor Strange's Sling Ring mid-struggle. Strange's eyes widen as The Centurion opens his own portal.

THE CENTURION
(smiling coldly)
You're too late, Sorcerer.

The Centurion disappears into the vast multiverse, leaving Strange staring after him. Clea collapses, her portal flickering but holding steady long enough for the others to escape.

DOCTOR STRANGE
(to the team)
Go. I'll find him.

THOR
(quietly)
Come back to us.

124 EXT. EARTH - WAR-TORN BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT 124

The battlefield is a vision of hell. The skies glow an eerie, nuclear red, smoke choking the air as fires burn across the desolate ruins. The earth is littered with bodies of heroes and soldiers alike, the once-proud Avengers now broken and scattered. The faint hum of the conduit pulses ominously in the distance, a constant reminder of the impending doom.

In the chaos, a flicker of movement—Ant-Man, now enormous, towers over the battlefield. His body shifts between colossal and microscopic size with impossible speed, his fists swinging down like meteors, crushing Kangs beneath him with earth-shaking impacts.

His giant form is taken down by a laser beam from Rama-Tut. Antman falls down across from Rama-Tut, who slowly shuffles over to him.

RAMA-TUT
Another insect...how delicious.

ANTMAN
(Stands; dusts himself off heroicly)
Your talking to the Avenger who took down your exiled Conquror. I'd put some respect on my name if I were you, Pharoh boy.

Behind him More Kang soldier's portal in, circling him.

ANTMAN (CONT'D)
Ah shit.

Antman suddenly shrinks to microscopic levels and ties to throw the kangs off but they are way too powerful, in seconds he is battered pretty bad.

Through the haze, Hawkeye lies on his back, coughing, blood pooling beneath him. Kate Bishop, battered, bruised, and weaponless, crawls toward him, her breaths ragged.

KATE BISHOP
(pleading)
Clint… stay with me. Please…

HAWKEYE
(weakly, smiling faintly)
You're… gonna be fine, kid. You always were.

Hawkeye exhales one last breath, his eyes going still. Kate

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

freezes, her face contorted with anguish. She clutches his lifeless body, sobbing silently as the sounds of Kang's legions grow louder.

As the shadows of Kang soldiers close in, Kate's eyes dart around desperately. She crawls backward, her hands trembling, until she sees Jake Lockley sprawled nearby.

His battered body lies half-buried in rubble, his face bloodied. Jake groans, slowly stirring. His eyes flutter open, taking in the devastation around him. His face twists with confusion and horror.

JAKE LOCKLEY
(hoarse)
What… where am I?

KATE BISHOP
(pleading)
Please. help me!

Jake stumbles to his knees, dazed. His hand presses against the ground, and his eyes catch a puddle of water reflecting the eerie skies above. In the faintest shimmer, the crescent moon gleams. Jake stares at it, transfixed. Slowly, the reflection shifts, and Mark Spector appears, speaking to him from the void.

MARK SPECTOR
(urgent, commanding)
Look around you, Jake. This isn't just their fight—it's yours. Do you see the pain? The death?

Jake's gaze drifts to Kate, clutching Clint's lifeless body as the Kang soldiers advance. Above, near the conduit Rama-Tut and his forces knock Antman to the ground, bleeding. Next to him, the unconscious Spider-Man holding onto Mile's body.

MARK SPECTOR (CONT'D)
(firm)
You can stop this. Let me take control.

Jake looks back at Kate, her tear-streaked face full of desperate hope. He clenches his fists, nodding faintly.

JAKE LOCKLEY
(whispering)
Do it.

Jake's body convulses as he transforms into Moon Knight, his white suit materializing around him. The crescent moon on his

CONTINUED:

chest glows faintly, and his glowing eyes snap open, filled with purpose.

Moon Knight leaps into action, cutting through Kang soldiers with brutal precision. His crescent-shaped weapons fly through the air, taking down multiple foes at once. He moves like a shadow, leaping and flipping across the battlefield, striking fear into the enemy ranks.

Moon Knight lands near the conduit, shielding Antman. Rama-Tut, eyes gleaming - steps forward, flanked by his elite soldiers. Moon Knight's glowing eyes lock onto Rama-Tut.

RAMA-TUT
(mocking)
So, the fractured one returns. How poetic.

Suddenly, Khonshu materializes beside Moon Knight, his towering skeletal form draped in ancient wrappings. He glares at Rama-Tut, his voice cold and sharp.

KHONSHU
(smirking)
Still clinging to delusions of grandeur, I see. How many times must I remind you, Tut? You're nothing more than a failed pharaoh playing god.

Rama-Tut's expression darkens, his robotic limbs twitching in anger.

RAMA-TUT
(hissing)
Your insolence will cost you dearly, Khonshu.

Rama-Tut and his soldiers charge at Moon Knight and Khonshu. The battle is fierce and chaotic, with Moon Knight flipping and leaping through the air, striking down enemies with deadly efficiency. Rama-Tut fires blasts of energy from his scepter, narrowly missing Moon Knight as he moves closer to the conduit.

Moon Knight spins, hurling crescent blades that disrupt the conduit's energy field. Sparks fly as the device begins to destabilize, and Rama-Tut's desperation grows.

KHONSHU
(to Moon Knight)
Finish it. End this madness.

As Moon Knight moves in for the final strike, Rama-Tut fires
(CONTINUED)

a powerful blast, knocking Khonshu back. The skeletal god collapses, his form flickering as he succumbs to the attack.

RAMA-TUT
(to Moon Knight, growling)
Your god has abandoned you. What do you have left?

The two engage in a brutal hand-to-hand fight. Moon Knight uses every ounce of his strength and skill, dodging Rama-Tut's attacks and striking at the conduit whenever he can.

Rama-Tut, fueled by desperation and rage, presses the attack relentlessly.

RAMA-TUT (CONT'D)
(gritting his teeth)
I will not be the weak link!

Moon Knight lands a blow that sends Rama-Tut staggering. He throws a crescent blade, shattering part of the conduit's structure. Sparks and energy surge wildly, creating a chaotic storm.

MOON KNIGHT
(breathless, defiant)
Checkmate.

Rama-Tut, seething with fury, lunges forward. He grabs Moon Knight's scepter and drives it into his chest. Moon Knight gasps, the glow in his eyes fading as he collapses to the ground. His body reverts to Jake Lockley, lifeless and still.

He throws Jake's body aside like trash, his breathing ragged. He stares at the conduit, still intact, and his robotic limbs twitch as he mutters to himself.

RAMA-TUT
(quietly, almost to himself)
I am not the weak link.

The camera lingers on his face, madness building within.

125 EXT. EARTH'S ORBIT - DAMOCLES BASE - NIGHT 125

The battle above Earth rages on, the vacuum of space filled with the fiery destruction of warships and streaking energy blasts.

Immortus, shrouded in his chaotic green aura, hovers above the wreckage like a malevolent god. Below him, the Avengers fight desperately, struggling against his unrelenting power.

CONTINUED:

Within Immortus' green energy field, Hulk, frozen and restrained, begins to tremble. His muscles pulse and expand as his anger surges. His roars reverberate through the void, shaking the very energy holding him.

HULK
(snarling)
HULK... SMASH!!!

With a final, thunderous roar, Hulk breaks free, sending green shards of energy scattering into space. He barrels through Kang bodyguards.

In the chaos, one of the Nega-Bands flies loose from its containment on the bridge of Damocles Base, tumbling into the void. Ms. Marvel, Wonder Man, Captain America, Hulk, and Black Panther all race toward it, leaping and lunging across the shattered remains of their spacecraft.

Immortus turns, his eyes narrowing as he notices the Band. With a wave of his hand, a blast of energy knocks Black Panther aside, sending her careening into a piece of floating debris.

BLACK PANTHER
(weakly)
No...

The Nega-Band spins wildly through space. Captain America leaps toward it, but Immortus fires a beam that grazes his shoulder, sending him spinning out of control. Hulk lunges, roaring, but Immortus twists reality around him, warping his trajectory.

MS. MARVEL
(urgent, to Wonder Man)
Simon, I can grab it!

Before she can reach it, Immortus snatches the Band, sliding it onto his wrist. A surge of power radiates from him, causing the void around him to warp and twist. He screams in agony as the Band fuses with his body, his voice echoing across the battlefield.

IMMORTUS
(roaring)
Yes! The power of the cosmos... MINE!!!

The energy stabilizes, and Immortus stands tall, his body pulsating with the immense energy of the Nega-Band. He gazes at his glowing hands, a wicked smile spreading across his face.

CONTINUED:

Amidst the devastation, Wonder Man watches the scene unfold, his face heavy with grief and determination. He turns to Ms. Marvel, who clutches the remaining Nega-Band tightly.

WONDER MAN
(softly)
Kamala… give me the Band.

MS. MARVEL
(confused, desperate)
What? No, Simon, we can't—

HULK
(interjecting)
What are you doing, Simon?

Simon meets Hulk's gaze, his expression raw and emotional.

WONDER MAN
(quietly)
I'm listening.

Ms. Marvel hesitates, but the sincerity in Simon's eyes moves her. With trembling hands, she places the Band in his palm. Simon slides it on, the energy immediately merging with his ionic power. He staggers for a moment, his body glowing brighter and brighter as the Bands' energy overtakes him.

He places a hand on Kamala's shoulder, gently urging her and the others toward a glowing portal forming behind them.

WONDER MAN (CONT'D)
(to the team)
Go. Get out of here.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
(angry, yelling)
Simon, no! You don't have to do this!

WONDER MAN
(steady)
Yes, I do.

He pushes the team through the portal as they yell in protest. The portal closes, leaving Simon alone with Immortus and his fleet.

Now fully powered, Wonder Man hovers in the void, his body glowing in a brilliant golden light, his ionic energy amplified to near godlike levels. Immortus turns, his expression shifting from amusement to annoyance.

CONTINUED:

IMMORTUS
(coldly)
You think you can stand against me?
Against the might of eternity itself?

WONDER MAN
(defiant)
I don't think. I know.

Wonder Man charges at Immortus, the energy of the Nega-Bands surging around him. The two collide with devastating force, sending shockwaves rippling through the galaxy.

The battlefield is a graveyard of shattered ships and drifting bodies. Wonder Man, glowing faintly with the residual power of the Nega-Bands, floats motionless, lifeless in the void.

Nearby, Immortus, battered but triumphant, hovers with unrelenting focus. His yellow eyes burn with hunger as he reaches for Wonder Man's arm, the lone Nega-Band gleaming on his wrist.

IMMORTUS
(whispering)
At last…

WILLS

As Immortus's fingers close around the Band, it detaches, spinning into the void. The glowing relic hums with defiance, dancing just out of reach. Immortus's face contorts with frustration and desperation.

IMMORTUS (CONT'D)
(through gritted teeth)
Come to me!

With a final, furious lunge, Immortus seizes the Band. Energy explodes outward, a violent surge of green and gold light that cracks the surrounding debris. Immortus screams, a mix of agony and triumph, as the Band's power fuses with his body.

126 INT. DAMOCLES BASE - COMMAND BRIDGE 126

Inside the command bridge, Kang Variants watch through the viewport, frozen in awe. The room glows green as Immortus's power pulses like a dying star.

REPTILE KANG
(hissing)
The power… it's limitless.

SILVER KANG
(uneasy)
He is ascending.

The Kangs exchange wary glances as Immortus' energy reshapes his form, his robes repairing themselves with golden trim.

127 EXT. EARTH'S ORBIT - IMMORTUS ASCENDS 127

Immortus hovers above the battlefield, the Nega-Bands blazing on his wrists. His arms outstretch as the energy stabilizes around him. His eyes glow, filled with an eerie, divine confidence.

IMMORTUS
(to the void)
Witness me… Immortus, the worthy Kang!

The battlefield is bathed in his energy. Debris, bodies, and ships tremble under the gravitational pull of his power. His surviving Kang Variants kneel below, their heads bowed in submission to Immortus and his supremacy.

128 EXT. MULTIVERSE - DIMENSIONAL RIFT - NIGHT 128

The screen bursts with vibrant chaos as Dr. Strange hurtles through a swirling kaleidoscope of universes. The shards of countless realities rush past him as he chases The Centurion and his two Kang bodyguards, who leap from one dimension to another, their advanced tech leaving ripples of destruction in their wake.

Strange's cloak flutters violently as he conjures glyphs to stabilize himself mid-flight. As The Centurion attempts to open another portal, Strange lunges forward, snatching his Sling Ring back.

The Centurion growls and activates his device, opening a portal and escaping with his remaining bodyguard.

129 EXT. RAMA-TUT'S FORTRESS - NIGHT 129

The Centurion and his surviving bodyguard materialize within the grand hall of Rama-Tut's fortress, its walls adorned with hieroglyphs glowing with alien energy. Rama-Tut sits on a raised throne, watching them. His demeanor is confident, almost smug.

RAMA-TUT
Ah, the great Centurion returns. Where are the Sacred Rings?

The Centurion's expression hardens, anger flashing in his

eyes. He glances away, avoiding Rama-Tut's gaze. Rama-Tut's smile falters as he notices the fear in The Centurion's posture.

RAMA-TUT (CONT'D)
(leaning forward, suspicious)
What happened?

THE CENTURION
We encountered... resistance.

Rama-Tut stands abruptly, his expression darkening. The room grows tense as the two Kang Variants stare each other down.

130 EXT. MULTIVERSE - LIMINAL SPACE - NIGHT 130

Dr. Strange floats through an endless sea of white energy, the boundaries of time and space shimmering faintly around him. He pauses, his expression weary, when a glowing portal opens in front of him.

From it step four figures: The Fantastic Four—Reed Richards, Sue Storm, Johnny Storm, and Ben Grimm.

W E T A S

DOCTOR STRANGE
(smiles)
I never thought I'd meet the Fantastic Four in the flesh. Reed Richards, right?

REED RICHARDS
Doctor Stephen Strange. It's good to finally meet you. The TVA sent us. We've been tracking The Council of Kangs variants through the multiverse.

DOCTOR STRANGE
Then you know how bad it's gotten. The council has already attacked Earth-616. The incursions are only growing worse.

SUE STORM
(steps forward, softly)
We're here because it's not just your Earth that's at risk. It's everything.

A flicker of concern crosses Strange's face as he follows them through the portal.

131 INT. TVA HEADQUARTERS - COMMAND CENTER 131

The TVA's command center is a chaotic blend of retro-

futuristic technology and endless glowing timelines. Analysts scramble to monitor the Kang Variants' movements, alarms blaring as multiple universes are displayed fracturing on holographic screens. Strange enters the room alongside the Fantastic Four.

In the center of the room stands a group of familiar figures: Deadpool, Wolverine, Tobey Maguire's Spider-Man, Andrew Garfield's Spider-Man, and Ghost Rider (Cage). The mismatched team of multiversal "anchors" stands by large viewing windows, as they watch the ongoing construction of the "Life Ark" spacecraft.

DEADPOOL
(leaning against a console, eyes wide with pure admiration)
Oh my god, you're Doctor Strange?! Like, THE Doctor Strange?! This is a dream come true!
(He claps his hands together, his voice high-pitched with excitement.)
Dude, I've seen all your movies—I mean, Mind-blowing! You're basically a walking, talking, mystical Pinterest board! I mean, who needs a cape when you've got those hands, right? That magic? It's like you're the wizard version of Tony Stark and Gandalf had a baby—and it's me, fangirling over you right now.

WOLVERINE
(gruff, annoyed)
Do you just kiss every Avenger's ass?

MAGUIRE/SPIDER-MAN
(smiling warmly)
Doctor Strange. Good to see you again.

DOCTOR STRANGE
(nods to both Spider-Men)
Peter And Peter

GARFIELD/SPIDER-MAN
(*with a soft, knowing smile*)
Funny how fate keeps bringing us together, huh, Doc?

GHOST RIDER (CAGE)
(igniting his flaming skull briefly)
Enough. We've got bigger problems.

DEADPOOL
(mocking)
Oh no, Scary Flaming Head Man spoke. Quick, everyone behave before he reads us a really intense Bible verse.

Reed pulls up a holographic display of the multiverse, showing fractures spreading outward like veins of shattered glass.

REED RICHARDS
The Council of Kangs isn't just targeting Earth-616. Their incursions are destabilizing the entire multiverse. If we don't stop them now, everything collapses.

DOCTOR STRANGE
(firm)
Then let's stop them.

MOBIOUS (O.S)
It's not that simple doc.

Strange turns to see Mobius and B-15 join the group.

DOCTOR STRANGE
Who the hell are you?

B-15
We're the TVA, Doctor Strange.

DOCTOR STRANGE
TV what?

MOBIOUS
I'm Mobius, Doc. This is B-15.
(beat)
I'm gonna be straight with you. The game's changed. We've got orders from our... friend Loki. He sacrificed everything to hold the multiverse together. And it was Loki, who first encountered a variant of Kang: *He Who Remains*, in a citadel at the end of time. He was the first "Kang" to make contact with the other Kangs. They became multiversal travelers—timelines, realities, all of it—until war broke out. He was the one who found a way to stop the chaos his variants caused. Created the TVA, kept it all in check. Told Loki how he had

MOBIOUS (CONT'D)
to eliminate his own kind to preserve what little order was left. He knew it wouldn't last, but he gave everything to try.

Mobius pauses, his voice tightening with regret.

MOBIOUS (CONT'D)
And now we're here—his variants are free, and they're burning everything down. We didn't listen, Doc. We didn't prepare. Now we're paying the price for it.

DOCTOR STRANGE
You keep saying, prepare... Prepare for what?

MAGUIRE/SPIDER-MAN
The aftermath.

DOCTOR STRANGE
(backing up slowly)
The aftermath of what?

REED RICHARDS
The end of everything, Doctor Strange. And what's about to come -that we cannot stop.

B-15 points towards the Ark under construction.

B-15
We're preserving what we have left.

A hologram image of Peter Parker/Spider-Man appears and then is replaced with a image of Kamala Khan/Ms. Marvel.

REED RICHARDS
(softly, with resolve)
We need your help. We have to get to your friends.

Strange looks at the group—these mismatched heroes brought together by desperation.

132 EXT. RAMA-TUT'S FORTRESS - EXECUTION COURTYARD - NIGHT 132

The dark and imposing fortress stretches endlessly into the horizon, its spires glowing faintly with an unnatural, eerie light. The chilling beat of war drums echoes through the air, growing louder, as Immortus, clad in regal robes infused with

the pulsating energy of the Nega-Bands, strides into the courtyard. The air itself seems to hum with his presence.

The courtyard is a grotesque spectacle. Two monolithic statues, one of Immortus and one of Rama-Tut, loom over the proceedings like ancient gods, their hollow eyes staring down at the gathered Council of Kangs.

The statues are lit by torches that cast flickering shadows, distorting their faces into something almost demonic. In the center, Rama-Tut, flanked by his clanking robotic limbs, stands proudly beside Immortus, his grin sycophantic as he bows slightly.

Before them, The Centurion stands stoic, but his clenched fists betray the tension building inside him. Nearby, two Kang prisoners, stripped of their armor, are forced to kneel in the shadow of the statues, their heads bowed.

Immortus moves with deliberate slowness, his every step exuding power and menace. His glowing eyes flicker across the faces of the prisoners. Lizard Kang, trembling, avoids his gaze, while the younger Kang Variant, defiant, raises his chin slightly. The war drums intensify, the rhythm pounding like a heartbeat.

IMMORTUS
(softly, almost mockingly)
What's your name?

Lizard Kang stammers, his voice barely above a whisper.

KANG PRISONER #1 (LIZARD KANG)
N-Nathaniel… sire.

Immortus tilts his head, considering the trembling prisoner. He moves to the younger Kang, his eyes narrowing as a devilish smile creeps across his face.

IMMORTUS
And you?

The younger Kang stares back with defiance, his voice steady.

KANG PRISONER #2 (YOUNGER KANG)
Kang, sire.

Immortus's smile widens, his fingers brushing against the glowing Nega-Bands on his wrists, the hum growing louder.

IMMORTUS
Beautiful.

Immortus strides toward the Centurion, his steps heavy, deliberate. Rama-Tut scuttles closely behind, eager to soak in Immortus's approval. The Centurion, despite the rising tension, stands firm, though a bead of sweat rolls down his temple.

IMMORTUS (CONT'D)
Your commanders have failed me, Centurion. And so they have failed the Kang Dynasty.

The gathered Council of Kangs, encircling the scene, watch in unnerving silence. Their expressions betray no emotion, their glowing eyes fixed on the drama unfolding before them.

THE CENTURION
(steady, but with a hint of pleading)
These are loyal brothers, Immortus. Loyal to the council.

He hesitates, his voice catching slightly.

THE CENTURION (CONT'D)
Loyal... to you.

Immortus pauses, his expression unreadable. Then, with a sudden movement, he raises his hand. His elite bodyguards, clad in sleek, terrifying armor, step forward, drawing their retro-futuristic laser bows. The courtyard falls silent save for the relentless beat of the war drums.

Rama-Tut, sensing an opportunity to elevate himself further, leans closer to Immortus, his metallic limbs clanking obnoxiously.

RAMA-TUT
Sire, I would never fail you. Never! If it were me, I would have brought you the sacred rings or died trying!

He casts a sideways glance at the Centurion, a smirk creeping across his face.

RAMA-TUT (CONT'D)
Unlike some.

Immortus turns slowly to Rama-Tut, studying him with cold amusement.

IMMORTUS
That's because you are loyal, my friend. Loyal to me.

CONTINUED:

THE CENTURION
My loyalty lies with the Kang Dynasty.

Immortus raises a hand, silencing him. He begins to pace, his movements deliberate and theatrical, letting the weight of his words hang in the air.

IMMORTUS
A true general of the Dynasty should always be in command.

Immortus stops between the two prisoners, placing a hand on each of their shoulders. The Nega-Bands hum ominously, their glow casting eerie shadows across the prisoners' faces. Lizard Kang trembles, tears streaming down his face, while the younger Kang remains defiant, his jaw set.

IMMORTUS (CONT'D)
(softly, to the Centurion)
So give the command, General.

The Centurion stiffens, his breath catching. His eyes flick to the prisoners, then to Immortus, who watches him with a twisted smile. The war drums grow louder, deafening.

The line of Kang Soldiers holding their laser bows tremble slightly. One Kang Soldier, barely holding his composure, swallows hard as sweat drips down his brow.

The Centurion finally speaks, his voice cold and steady, though his eyes betray his turmoil.

THE CENTURION
(quietly)
Release.

The Kang soldiers release their arrows. The beams of energy streak through the air, striking the prisoners simultaneously. Lizard Kang lets out a strangled cry before collapsing, his lifeless body slumping forward. The younger Kang stares defiantly until the last moment, his body going limp as the light fades from his eyes.

As the prisoners fall, Immortus slowly looks up and smiles—a cold, satisfied grin. He turns to the Council of Kangs, raising his arms triumphantly.

IMMORTUS
(to the council)
This is the price of failure.

The Council remains silent, their expressions unreadable, but the weight of Immortus's power is palpable. He steps forward,

CONTINUED:

standing above the bodies of the executed Kangs. He motions for Rama-Tut to join him.

IMMORTUS (CONT'D)
(softly, a whisper laced with venom)
Centurion doubts me. He questions my vision… my divinity.

Immortus steps closer to Rama-Tut, his voice dropping even lower, dripping with sinister charm.

IMMORTUS (CONT'D)
And you, my humble Rama-Tut… you serve a doubter?

Immortus places a hand on Rama-Tut's shoulder. The Nega-Bands glow faintly, and a tendril of green energy snakes out. Rama-Tut's face contorts as if unseen thoughts are invading his mind. The faint hum of the Bands grows louder, more oppressive.

IMMORTUS (CONT'D)
Do you not see, my faithful friend? Centurion conspires against us. Against you. He would rather see you fall than share in my ascension.

Rama-Tut's breathing quickens. The shadows cast by the flickering flames elongate unnaturally, twisting his already gaunt features into something almost skeletal. Immortus leans in, his words a dagger poised to strike.

IMMORTUS (CONT'D)
(slyly)
Certainly, you are not the weak link.

Rama-Tut's face twists with uncertainty, his lips trembling as Immortus's words take root like poisonous vines in his mind. Doubt gives way to anger, his mechanical limbs clanking as he stiffens, his voice shaking but rising.

RAMA-TUT
(whispering)
No… no! I am not the—

He clenches his fists, his voice turning venomous, the seeds of betrayal blossoming fully.

RAMA-TUT (CONT'D)
He has questioned your will… and mine!

Immortus rises to his full height, his form casting an

impossibly long shadow across the room. His smile spreads wider, almost inhuman, as he watches Rama-Tut unravel. He steps back into the shadows, allowing Rama-Tut to stew in his own fury.

The Centurion, stoically, surveys the room, his gaze flicking briefly to the Council before locking onto Immortus.

The anger in Rama-Tut's face falters, replaced by fear and uncertainty. His gaze darts between Centurion and Immortus, his trembling hands betraying the war raging within him.

The Centurion doesn't flinch. Instead, he begins to back away slowly, his sharp gaze shifting to Immortus and Rama-Tut who begin to slowly encircle him. His voice rises, firm and commanding, cutting through the tension like a blade.

THE CENTURION
Treason! Treason, I say before you all!

The Council remains silent, their faces cold and unyielding as Centurion continues, his voice growing more desperate.

THE CENTURION (CONT'D)
Don't you see? He's playing with us—manipulating us! He'll kill you all! He has no honor!

The Centurion hears a faint sound—footsteps. He spins just in time to see Rama-Tut lunging forward, an ancient blade gleaming in his hand. The knife plunges into The Centurion's side, forcing a gasp of pain from him.

The room stills. Even the war drums seem to hold their breath. Immortus steps back into the shadows, his glowing eyes watching the scene unfold with twisted satisfaction.

Rama-Tut lifts the blade for a second strike, his movements jerky, almost reluctant. But before he can bring it down, Centurion grabs his wrist, his voice weak but firm.

THE CENTURION (CONT'D)
(pleading)
Stop, Rama-Tut. Remember… all the times I protected you. Against <u>him</u>.

Rama-Tut freezes, his grip loosening. The Centurion's other hand grips the blade, his voice growing softer but no less resolute.

THE CENTURION (CONT'D)
We are the same. You and I… brothers.

CONTINUED:

Tears well in Rama-Tut's eyes, his robotic limbs twitching uncertainly. For a moment, it seems the Centurion's words have reached him.

But from the shadows, Immortus steps forward like a wraith. He places his hand over Rama-Tut's, the glow of the Nega-Bands intensifying as he whispers something inaudible. Rama-Tut's hesitation vanishes, replaced by blind obedience.

With Immortus guiding his hand, Rama-Tut plunges the blade into Centurion's neck. The Centurion's eyes widen, locking onto Rama-Tut's, betrayal and disbelief etched into his face.

Immortus raises his arms, the Nega-Bands roaring to life. Green and golden beams envelop the Centurion's body, consuming it in a blinding light. His screams echo, then fade into silence. When the light subsides, only his cybernetic armor remains, scattered and lifeless on the cold stone.

Immortus stands taller, his figure radiating unholy power. The Council watches in stunned silence as the weight of his dominance settles over them. Rama-Tut, trembling, falls to his knees before Immortus.

RAMA-TUT
I... I pledge my undying loyalty... to you, oh holy: Kang Prime!

The Council members exchange fearful glances, Slowly, their heads bow in submission, the air thick with tension. One by one, the Council follows suit, their voices trembling as they chant in fearful unison.

COUNCIL OF KANGS
Kang Prime. Kang Prime. Kang Prime.

Immortus watches, his glowing eyes scanning the room. A twisted grin spreads across his face as the chant grows louder.

IMMORTUS
(relishing; encouraging the Kangs to chant louder)
Kang Prime! Kang Prime!!

Immortus is relishing the dominance and power he holds over his variants. His delusions of divinity solidify as he raises his arms triumphantly.

133 INT. BEYOND ZONE 133

The expanse of the Beyond Zone is a place where light and shadow blend unnaturally. Streams of blue and purple energy

twist and swirl like veins in the sky, occasionally flashing with bursts of chaotic light. The ground beneath Kang's feet is neither solid nor liquid—constantly shifting, like a reflection in a shattered mirror.

In the distance, thousands of Kang clones close in, their faces distorted with hatred, fear, and reverence. The air hums with their overlapping voices, a maddening cacophony that builds with every second.

CLONES (OVERLAPPING)
You're no conqueror! You're a pretender! Messiah? You've doomed us all! Kang the Conqueror, the great coward. RAVONNA!

Kang freezes as the name slices through the chaos like a knife. The storm of voices halts momentarily, only to return even louder, more feral. The clones surge forward like a tidal wave. Kang's breath quickens, his calm unraveling as the name echoes in his mind.

W E L I S

KANG
(snarling)
Stop saying her name!

The clones don't stop. Instead, their faces grow more grotesque, twisting into monstrous versions of Kang himself. Their bodies collide, merging and splitting like a horrific living tide. Kang's once-commanding figure falters, his hands shaking as he backs away.

Kang begins to fight, punching abd battering through his clones. Some clones disintegrate, others fall to their knees, worshiping him as a god. But many more keep coming, their laughter and accusations piercing through his resolve.

CLONE #1
She begged you not to leave!

CLONE #2
And you left her to die.

CLONE #3
Coward! You broke her heart.

The last sliver of light in the Beyond Zone begins to flicker as thousands of clones converge on him. They claw at him, their hands pulling him down as the light above fades into nothing.

CONTINUED:

The last thing we see is Kang's hand reaching out, trembling, before it disappears into the mass of clones. The light vanishes completely.

OVER BLACK:

Janet Van Dyne's voice echoes faintly, like a memory trying to break through the void.

JANET (V.O.)
Who is Kang?

134 INT. KANG'S MIND - CONTINUOUS 134

The screen is pure black, with the faint sound of a heartbeat growing louder. Slowly, Kang begins to fall, as though sinking into an abyss of water. His form is illuminated only by faint blue flickers of light that appear above him, growing brighter as memories replay like fractured windows into his past.

Kang struggles, flailing, his face contorted with terror as he falls deeper and deeper. His screams are silent, swallowed by the darkness.

FLASH CUT: *ROSE FIELD AT SUNSET*

A young Nathaniel Richards and Ravonna run hand in hand through beautiful rose fields. Their laughter is warm, full of love. The twin suns set behind them, bathing the world in a soft glow.

The memory flickers and distorts, fading into darkness.

Kang continues to fall, his body twisting as if trying to swim through the void. More memories flash above him, illuminating his face in flickering blue light.

FLASH CUT: *TIMELINE MASSACRES*

Kang, now fully armored as the Conqueror, stands amidst the ruins of a timeline. Buildings crumble, and bodies litter the ground—innocent civilians, men, women, and children, all vaporized by his technology. The screams of the dying echo around him.

Kang's expression in the memory is cold, detached, but the present Kang flinches as if struck. He tries to look away, but the memory burns brighter.

FLASH CUT: *RAVONNA AS A TEEN*

Teenage Ravonna spins in the rose field, her smile radiant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kang, as a young man, watches her with pure adoration. The memory is peaceful, almost holy, before it shatters like glass.

Kang's descent accelerates, the darkness around him pressing closer. The flickers of light become more rapid, flashing like a strobe, each one revealing a piece of his buried guilt.

FLASH CUT: *KILLING THE AVENGERS*

Kang's armored form towers over the broken bodies of variant Avengers. He crushes the skull of an Iron Man variant, incinerates a Thor variant with a blast of energy, and vaporizes Spider-Man and Hulk variants.

Kang's eyes widen as he falls deeper, tears streaming down his face. He reaches out, his hand trembling, as another memory flickers into view.

FLASH CUT: *RAVONNA, PREGNANT*

Kang places his hand on Ravonna's belly, a rare, genuine smile on his face. She looks up at him, her eyes filled with love and hope. The twin suns set behind them, painting the scene in golden light.

Kang screams silently as the memory fades. He falls deeper, the void now completely black. The flickers of light vanish, leaving him alone with his guilt and pain. The darkness ignites around him, flames erupting from nowhere. The storm of his clones returns, their faces twisted and monstrous as they converge once more. But this time, Kang doesn't fight. He lets them in, their chaos consuming him.

135 INT. KANG'S PALACE - FLASHBACK 135

A breathtaking horizon stretches beyond the windows of Kang's palace, where two golden suns are setting in a field of endless roses. The room feels both regal and intimate—a place of power and love intertwined.

Kang stands by his time chair, armor faintly gleaming in the fading sunlight. His gaze is fixed on the device emitting the pulsing beacon from the Ten Rings and Nega-Bands, his thoughts consumed. Behind him, Ravonna stands, heavily pregnant, her gaze intense and desperate. In a simple, elegant gown, her hand rests protectively on her stomach.

RAVONNA
Nathaniel...

Kang doesn't turn at first, his jaw tightening. Her voice is
(CONTINUED)

soft but carries the weight of her love and fear.

RAVONNA (CONT'D)
Please. Don't do this.

He finally turns, his eyes filled with conflict. For a moment, he's not the Conqueror—he's just a man, caught between love and duty.

KANG
Ravonna, I have to.

RAVONNA
No, you don't. You choose to.

She steps closer, her bare feet brushing against the smooth marble floor. Her voice trembles, but she keeps her composure.

RAVONNA (CONT'D)
You've convinced yourself this war, this conquest... is the only way to protect us. But don't you see? It's tearing us apart.

Kang's shoulders slump, but only slightly. He looks away, toward the rose fields beyond the window. The twin suns cast a halo of light around Ravonna as she approaches him.

KANG
They will come, Ravonna. My variants, the Kang Dynasty—they will take everything from us. They will end everything. *Everything*.

RAVONNA
And what will be left of us when you stop them?

She places a trembling hand on his cheek, forcing him to look at her. Her eyes search his, pleading for him to see reason.

RAVONNA (CONT'D)
Fate is fate, Nathaniel. Destiny is destiny. And your destiny is here—with me. With our child.

Kang's armor flickers faintly as he struggles with her words. His hands reach up, almost instinctively, to cradle her face. For a moment, he looks at her the way he used to—before the war, before the Council, before the Conqueror.

KANG
If I don't fight, if I don't stop them… everything will burn.

RAVONNA
Then let it burn. We'll rebuild. Together.

The silence between them is deafening. Kang closes his eyes, pressing his forehead against hers. Ravonna exhales shakily, holding onto him as if he might vanish at any moment.

RAVONNA (CONT'D)
Promise me, Nathaniel. Promise me you'll stay.

Kang steps back, breaking the connection. Her hand falls away from his face as he turns toward the time chair. Her breath catches in her throat, and tears brim in her eyes. Kang places his hand on the chair's controls, the soft hum of the machinery filling the room. He doesn't look back at her.

KANG
I can't. I must stop them.

The chair activates, the glow of its energy washing over the room. Ravonna's voice breaks as she reaches out for him.

RAVONNA
(crying)
Nathaniel, don't—

Kang hesitates for the briefest moment, his hand hovering over the controls. But he doesn't turn around. With a flash of light, the chair powers up, and Kang vanishes, leaving Ravonna alone in the fading glow of the twin suns.

136 INT. ROSE FIELDS - LATER - FLASHBACK 136

Ravonna stands at the edge of the endless, tranquil rose fields. The silence is heavy, broken only by the soft whisper of the wind. She stares at the spot where she and Kang once stood, tears streaming down her face.

Her hand instinctively moves to her stomach as the tears fall.

137 INT. COUNCIL OF KANGS AMPHITHEATER - FLASHBACK 137

The amphitheater is full with rows upon rows of Kangs filling the stands. The air hums with chaos as the Kangs jeer and cheer, their voices blending into a cacophony of sadistic pleasure.

CONTINUED:

Kang the Conqueror stands in the center, shackled in glowing restraints that pulse with energy.

Above him, on a high dais, Immortus, Rama-Tut, and Centurion preside like gods, their expressions a mix of smug satisfaction and cold indifference. Immortus stands at the center.

IMMORTUS
(firm, commanding)
Nathaniel Richards, Kang the Conqueror: Earth-100005. You stand before the Kang Dynasty, charged with the destruction of countless timelines of your fellow Council members, the murder of infinite lives, and the betrayal of the Dynasty itself.

Kang lifts his head, his eyes narrowing. His voice, though hoarse, carries the defiance of a man who refuses to bow.

KANG
The Dynasty is a lie. You would rather drown the Multiverse in chaos than bring it order.

WIP

The Kangs in the crowd erupt into laughter and jeers, mocking him. Some throw objects, which dissolve into nothingness before reaching him. The amphitheater feels alive, feeding off the chaos and misery.

Immortus steps forward, his voice cutting through the noise.

IMMORTUS
Your punishment… is exile.

The crowd explodes into cheers and applause, their glee palpable. The sound is deafening, like a hurricane of mockery. Kang's expression darkens, but he keeps his composure.

KANG
(quietly)
And my wife?

Immortus's smile widens, his yellow eyes gleaming with sadistic delight. He steps closer to Kang, leaning in as if to share a secret.

IMMORTUS
Your wife… your kingdom… will await you in hell.

Kang closes his eyes, his mind retreating to a memory, a flicker of light in the darkness.

INSERT CUT: Ravonna, pregnant, sits on a throne beside Kang. The two of them watch the twin suns set on their homeworld. Kang places his hand on Ravonna's belly. She looks at him with love, her hand resting over his.

RAVONNA
Promise me, Nathaniel. Promise me you'll come back.

Kang looks at her, his smile fading as doubt clouds his eyes. He doesn't answer.

Kang is led, execution-style, toward the center of the amphitheater, where his timechair awaits, glowing ominously. The Kangs in the crowd throw insults and taunts, their voices a relentless storm. Immortus, Rama-Tut, and Centurion stand by the chair, their expressions cold and unyielding. Kang stumbles, his knees buckling. The guards yank him forward, but the memory continues to haunt him.

The crowd begins to chant, their voices reverberating through the amphitheater like a death knell.

CROWD OF KANGS
Exile! Exile! Exile!

Immortus, motioning for the guards to proceed. But as Kang is forced into the chair, his mind flashes back to another memory.

INSERT CUT: Ravonna, heavily pregnant, trips while descending the steps of the palace. Kang leaps from his throne, his hands outstretched as he catches her just in time. She looks up at him, her fear replaced by a relieved smile. Kang holds her tightly, his hands trembling as he whispers.

KANG
I'll always catch you.

Kang's hands shoot out, just as they did in the memory, but this time, they grasp the controls of his timechair. The crowd gasps as the chair roars to life, its energy surging wildly.

The Kangs leap into action, their weapons firing beams of energy at Kang. But the timechair generates a shield, deflecting the blasts as Kang screams in defiance. Kang's hands remain outstretched, mirroring the memory of catching Ravonna.

CONTINUED:

The chair surges upward, breaking through the amphitheater's dome and vanishing into the multiverse. Immortus watches, his expression darkening as the Kangs in the crowd descend into chaos.

IMMORTUS
(smiles)
Let him run.

138 EXT. KANG'S HOMEWORLD - DUSK - FLASHBACK 138

Kang's timechair crash-lands amidst the ruins of his kingdom. Smoke rises from the charred remains of the rose fields and apple trees. The twin suns hang low in the sky, casting an eerie red light over the devastation.

Kang stumbles out of the chair, his eyes scanning the ruins. His breath catches as he sees the burnt remains of his palace. His legs give out as he collapses to his knees, his eyes filling with tears.

In the distance, he sees her—Ravonna, hanging lifelessly from a rope. Her charred body sways gently in the wind, a grotesque shadow of the woman he loved.

Kang crawls toward her, his hands trembling. He reaches up to touch her, his voice breaking into a guttural scream that echoes through the ruins.

KANG
(through tears)
Ravonna...

Kang digs her grave, his hands bloodied and trembling. He removes a circular necklace from her lifeless body. As he lowers her into the blackened earth, he whispers softly to her, the weight of his sorrow heavy in the air.

KANG (CONT'D)
Lie in the shadow of the trees by the rose field, my love… and wait for me there.

As he falls to the earth beside her, Immortus, Rama-Tut, and The Centurion appear, flanked by the rest of the Council of Kangs. The Kang Variants watch in anticipation, their faces a mixture of sadistic glee and eerie reverence.

Kang rises slowly, drawing a circle in the ash at his feet—a symbol of his ultimate goal: a singular multiverse under his rule. Kang slowly rises - ash slipping from his fists, facing the council with eyes full of vengeance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IMMORTUS
(soft, menacing)
You should've stayed in the shadows.
You should've bowed.

Immortus rips the tracking beacon from his time chair with a sickening snap. The beacon sparks in his hand before fizzling out. He leans in close to Kang, his voice a low growl.

IMMORTUS (CONT'D)
Now you will know, Kang... that I am the one who wins.
(gesturing to the assembled Council of Kangs)
Begin the procedure. Exile The Conqueror... to the Quantum realm.

Kang's jaw tightens, eyes burning with rage, but he remains silent. The Council steps forward, each wielding a Pruning rod humming with unstable energy. The air grows thick with tension as they raise their weapons in perfect unison, the sound building to a deafening crescendo.

Kang is forced into his time chair, shackled and surrounded by the Variants, their faces lit by the eerie glow of their weapons.

KANG
(roaring)
You'll regret this! All of you! I'll find you! I'll—

The Council fires their pruning sticks, beams of energy slamming into Kang and his time chair. The chair begins to spark and vibrate violently, its core destabilizing. Kang struggles against the restraints as the energy engulfs him, the hum growing louder and louder until—

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

139 INT. BEYOND ZONE - PRESENT 139

Kang sits motionless in the endless void, surrounded by the faint glow of the Probability Storm, its tendrils flickering like dying embers. Thousands of his clones stand around him, silent and cold, their eyes judgmental.

His breathing shallow and uneven, Kang opens his palm to reveal a tarnished, small circular necklace—the one he had gifted to Ravonna so long ago.. A single tear falls onto it with a faint plink.

Kang closes his eyes and clenches the necklace tightly, his
(CONTINUED)

knuckles white. The clones lean in, their faces unreadable. Silence fills the air.

INSERT CUT: *Ravonna places a trembling hand on Kang's cheek, forcing him to look at her. His hands reach up, almost instinctively, to cradle her face.*

KANG
If I don't fight, if I don't stop them... everything will burn.

RAVONNA
Then let it burn. We'll rebuild. Together.

Kang suddenly opens his eyes, his tears stopping. His expression hardens, his eyes narrowing with newfound determination. The clones around him begin to stir, their forms shifting and merging into the swirling storm.

CLONES (CHANTING)
Kang! Kang! Kang! Show us the way!
Messiah! Long live Kang!

The storm intensifies, swirling violently as the clones are drawn into Kang, merging with him one by one. The energy around him begins to crackle, sparks of blue and purple light erupting from his body. Kang's form begins to glow, his armor repairing itself as he absorbs the power of his probabilities.

Kang's voice rises above the storm, a thunderous roar that echoes across the Beyond Zone.

KANG
I will make the Kang Dynasty pay for what they did to my Ravonna, for what they did to my family. I will hunt them down through every corner of time, and when I face them, I will show no mercy. I will see their empire crumble, and when they lie broken at my feet, they will know that it was me who brought their end!

The camera follows Kang as he rises rapidly through countless dimensions and realities, his body glowing with raw, uncontainable power. His armor gleams, fully restored, and his face is set with a look of pure determination.

The Probability Storm swirls around him, its chaotic energy being pulled into Kang's form. His clones chant his name, their voices growing louder and louder until they become

deafening.

CLONES (CHANTING)
Kang! Kang! Kang!

The energy from the Beyond Zone begins to condense into Kang, the swirling storm shrinking as its chaotic power is absorbed into him. As the final remnants of the Probability Storm are pulled into Kang, the storm's energy fuses with the core of his being, amplifying his power.

One by one, the clones begin to merge with Kang, their forms dissolving into his, adding their strength to his growing might. The glow around him intensifies, becoming blinding, until Kang's body transforms into something godlike—***Beyonder Kang***.

As his form shifts, Kang raises his fists high, one of them clutching Ravonna's necklace. With each passing second, he ascends faster and faster, his power surging as his legion of clones merges with him.

Beyonder Kang ascends beyond the Multiverse, his form now larger than life. His presence echoes across countless realities, shaking them to their very foundations. With the full force of his power, he hurtles toward Earth-616, unstoppable and all-consuming, his legion of clones at his back.

140 EXT. WASTELAND - NIGHT 140

The sky is an apocalyptic canvas of green and black, lightning clawing through the toxic clouds. Acid rain sizzles as it hits the scorched earth.

141 INT. STARK UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT 141

A haunting green glow seeps through the bunker walls as acid rain hammers the reinforced steel, the sound echoing faintly. The room is dim, lit only by a flickering emergency generator. The surviving Avengers (Captain America, Thor, Shang-Chi, Antman, Spider-Man and Ms. Marvel) sit in a semi-circle on the cold floor, their suits and faces stained with dust and blood. Their shallow breaths fill the heavy silence, the weight of loss palpable in the air.

Captain America (Sam Wilson) stands apart, his shield strapped tightly to his arm, his eyes scanning the faces of his broken team. Thor slumps against a wall, Mjölnir lying beside him like a forgotten relic. Spider-Man sits with his mask clutched in trembling hands, his face streaked with dirt and tears. Shang-Chi holds the glowing 10 Rings in his hands, staring at them as if they might burn him. Ms. Marvel hugs

her knees to her chest. Hulk is silent, his massive form hunched, his face buried in his hands.

A framed photo hangs on the wall, capturing the smiling faces of Tony Stark, Steve Rogers, Thor, Bruce, Natasha, and Clint—reminders of happier times. Spider-Man gazes up at it, lost in thought.

Thunder rumbles above, shaking the walls. The faint sound of marching grows louder, like a drumbeat of inevitability.

SPIDER-MAN
(softly)
I miss Tony.

The words cut through the silence. The team turns to Peter, who looks down at the floor, his voice thick with emotion.

SPIDER-MAN (CONT'D)
I miss the way he always knew what to say. Even when I messed up… even when I thought I couldn't do this… he'd just smile. That warm, stupid smile. Like he believed in me more than I believed in myself.

Peter wipes his eyes, but the tears keep coming. Sam steps forward, kneeling beside him, placing a hand on his shoulder.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
I miss Steve. His strength was in his heart. He made you believe… no matter how bad things got, we'd make it through.

Ms. Marvel sniffles, her voice small and trembling.

MS. MARVEL
I miss Carol. She was fearless. She made me feel like… like maybe I could be brave too.

SHANG-CHI
(quietly, almost to himself)
I didn't know them like you all did, but… I miss the idea of them. The Avengers. They were… hope.

The group falls silent. Thor, who has remained still until now, finally speaks, his voice a low rumble filled with grief.

THOR
I miss my family. My mother. My father. My brothers. My… daughter.

He looks at Mjölnir, his hand twitching as if he wants to pick it up but can't find the strength.

THOR (CONT'D)
I wish it had been me.

The room is heavy with emotion, the sound of thunder and acid rain filling the silence. Sam looks around at his team, broken but still here. He rises to his feet, his shield catching the flickering light.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
(steadfast)
We've all lost. We've all suffered. But if we give up now… if we let them take what's left, then everything they fought for—everything we've fought for—means nothing.

Sam looks at Kamala and Shang-Chi, his voice softening but filled with conviction. Kamala wipes her tears, nodding. Shang-Chi looks at the rings in his hands, the glow reflecting in his determined eyes.

The group rises, their despair slowly giving way to resolve. The faint sound of marching grows louder, a drumbeat of doom echoing from above.

HULK
(quiet, growling)
They're here.

EXT. BUNKER ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The acid rain falls harder as the Avengers step out into the desolate wasteland. The sky above is a swirling green tempest, lightning tearing through the clouds. The marching grows deafening as the Kang legions appear on the horizon, endless columns of soldiers illuminated by eerie purple light.

The Avengers stand at the mouth of the bunker, their silhouettes framed against the chaos. Sam raises his shield, stepping forward to stand at the front of the group. Behind him, the Avengers ready themselves—Thor grips Mjölnir, Kamala activates her bangle, Shang-Chi dons the 10 Rings, Peter pulls his mask back on, and Hulk clenches his fists, his

muscles rippling with restrained rage.

THOR
(quietly, to himself)
If this is the end… then let it be glorious.

The marching halts. The legions part, and a massive throne carried on the backs of Kang soldiers is brought forth. Immortus sits upon it, his yellow eyes gleaming with sadistic glee. Rama-Tut, now wearing armor forged from Centurion's remains, steps forward as Immortus's emissary.

RAMA-TUT
(booming)
Bow before Kang Prime! Submit, and perhaps he will grant you mercy. Resist, and you will burn like the rest of your world.

Captain America steps forward, his shield raised defiantly.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
We don't bow. Not to you. Not to anyone.

W.E.I.T.S

Immortus who sits on his throne, hidden in the shadows, smiles. The Council of Kangs' forces continues to build on the horizon. Now thousands are displayed and rest at Xerxes' command.

RAMA-TUT
Ah, Captain. So brave. So foolish. You would die for them, wouldn't you?

CAPTAIN AMERICA
If it means they live… yes.

Immortus leans forward, his eyes narrowing.

IMMORTUS
Then let me make you an offer. Serve me. Become my Messenger of Death. With the 10 Rings, you could execute my enemies across the Multiverse. You could wield powers beyond your imagination.

He gestures to Cap's shield, his voice turning venomous.

IMMORTUS (CONT'D)
That legacy you carry? It's nothing compared to what I offer. Steve Rogers

IMMORTUS (CONT'D)
is dead. His shield… his ideals… they mean nothing now.

Time seems to slow as the weight of Immortus' words settles over him. Captain America's gaze locks onto Immortus, elevated on his golden throne, surrounded by rows of deranged Kangs. He looks down at the shield in his hands.

INSERT CUT: *memories flashing through his mind—Steve's smile, Natasha's determination, and Tony's warmth.*

Immortus waits for Cap's reply, both leaders standing defiant, their postures unwavering.

Captain America eyes shoot open - he steps forward, standing between his team and the encroaching armies of Kang. His voice echoes, powerful and defiant:

CAPTAIN AMERICA
AVENGERS… ASSEMBLE!

The Avengers launch forward, charging into a suicide mission. Kamala stretches her arms wide, slamming down a wave of Kang soldiers. Shang-Chi wields the 10 Rings, sending shockwaves through the ground as he fights. Thor, lightning crackling around him, tears through the enemy ranks with Mjölnir, his grief fueling his rage.

Captain America activates Redwing, the drone scans and locks onto Immortus' coordinates. Cap leaps into the air, his wings spreading wide as he hurls his shield toward Immortus. The shield cuts through the air like a missile.

Rama-Tut intercepts, firing a barrage of energy blasts. One strikes the shield, but it only veers slightly off course. The edge grazes Immortus' temple, slicing through the skin. Immortus stumbles back, his hand touching the wound. Rama-Tut steps back, his confidence faltering as he glances at Immortus. Blood trickles down Immortus' face, for a brief moment, there's a flicker of disbelief in his eyes.

The gathered Kangs gasp in awe at the sight of "Kang Prime's" spilled blood.

IMMORTUS
(furious, roaring)
Finish them all! Leave nothing standing!

The Kang legions surge forward like an unstoppable tide. The Council's bloodlust reaches a fevered peak as they unleash their full arsenal upon the Avengers, who fight with

CONTINUED:

unwavering resolve, even as they fall

The Avengers fight valiantly, but they are overwhelmed. Spider-Man, clutching a wounded Ms. Marvel, swings through the chaos, narrowly avoiding energy blasts, but he is struck mid-air and both heroes crash to the ground.

Thor, bloodied and battered, through labored breath, his own blood-running into his eyes - knowing the end is near - calls to his daughter.

THOR
(through tears)
My love... My daughter.

Ant-Man, who is badly hurt, clutches Captain America motionless body, looks down at his wounded leader, tears streaming down his face.

ANT-MAN
(whispering)
I'm sorry Cap, I did this - I brought this all on us...

CAPTAIN AMERICA
(dying; grips Antman's hands)
You fought like an Avenger... That's all that matters... Your daughter would be proud.

Nearby, Shang-Chi faces Immortus directly. The 10 Rings glow brighter as he summons every ounce of power they hold. He charges, unleashing a devastating blast, but Immortus counters with the Nega-Bands, sending the energy back tenfold. Shang-Chi collapses, his body convulsing before falling lifeless. The rings scatter across the battlefield.

Immortus steps forward, his hands outstretched, his voice trembling with a twisted reverence.

IMMORTUS
Come to me, my relics! Fulfill your destiny!

As Immortus advances, the 10 Rings slowly rise from the ground, vibrating with a low hum of power, their movements almost as if they are drawn to him. In a sudden, violent surge of energy, the Rings shoot upward into the toxic, nuclear winter skies, vanishing into the dark, swirling clouds above.

The earth beneath them trembles, a deep rumble building from the depths as the air grows heavy with dread.

(CONTINUED)

Ant-Man, weak and battered, lifts his gaze toward the heavens. A figure emerges from the roiling storm clouds, almost godlike in its descent.

Kang the Conqueror, now transformed into Beyonder Kang, hovers down from the nuclear tempest, his presence radiating pure, overwhelming power. The 10 Rings glow with an intense, fiery energy, their light cutting through the darkness, while the beacon dims ominously.

Shaking, Ant-Man raises a trembling finger, pointing toward the descending figure. His voice barely a whisper:

ANT-MAN
(fear and awe)
It's him... That's Kang.

Beyonder Kang's legion of clones, thousands of snarling, battle-hardened versions of himself, pulse in and out of existence, flickering between probabilities. Some wear armor, others regal war garments, and a few bear scars from past wars. Each is a conqueror, all united behind the true Kang Prime.

RAMA-TUT
(horrified, whispering)
The Conqueror…

The entire Council of Kangs tenses, the sheer weight of the moment pressing down on them. None of them speak. None of them move. Even Immortus, for a fraction of a second, hesitates.

Then...Immortus smiles. Cold. Calculating. He rises slowly from his throne, his Nega-Bands humming with power, the energy crackling in his veins. His golden eyes flicker, reading the moment. Dissecting it. Calculating the outcome of every single possibility.

IMMORTUS
(sneering, his voice booming)
So... the Conqueror returns. Have you come to kneel or be buried alongside your precious Ravonna?

Beyonder Kang doesn't react. Doesn't move. He merely stares—his breathing measured, his power growing with each passing second. The rings pulse brighter, as if in response to his fury.

A whisper moves through the Council of Kangs. Their unease is palpable. They feel it too—the power radiating from Beyonder Kang is…different. Unfathomable. Even the Kang warriors below

shift uncomfortably.

BEYONDER KANG
You should have killed me when you had the chance, Immortus.

Rama-Tut, emboldened by Immortus' arrogance, steps forward with an overconfident grin. He taps his golden staff against the ground, a pulse of energy rippling outward.

RAMA-TUT
(grinning, smug)
Do you like what we've done with the place, Conqueror?

Beyonder Kang slowly turns his head- his face remains blank, but the air itself distorts from the sheer power surging through his body.

BEYONDER KANG
The Kang Dynasty ends.

A pause. The wind howls. The clones behind him snarl, shifting forward like a pack of wolves. Beyonder Kang lifts a single hand. The rings vibrate violently, and the sky darkens further, as if reacting to his will.

BEYONDER KANG (CONT'D)
Tonight.

A flicker of annoyance flashes across Immortus' face. He narrows his gaze, his patience wearing thin.

IMMORTUS
You pathetic pretender.

His voice is mocking, laced with venom.

IMMORTUS (CONT'D)
You stand before gods, and you dare speak of endings?

He spreads his arms, cosmic energy crackling around him.

IMMORTUS (CONT'D)
I will erase you.

The words drip with certainty, with finality.

IMMORTUS (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
From every moment. From every timeline.

His golden eyes gleam with malice as he leans forward, whispering his final dagger into Beyonder Kang's heart.

IMMORTUS
And Ravonna?

Beyonder Kang stiffens. The Kang clones shift uneasily, sensing their leader's reaction. Immortus grins, knowing he's struck a nerve. He steps forward, his voice oozing cruelty.

IMMORTUS (CONT'D)
(leans closer, savoring every syllable)
She begged for mercy, Conqueror. She screamed your name.
(cruel pause, licks his lips)
But she was mine to break!

Beyonder Kang's entire body trembles. The 10 Rings glow dangerously. The storm above erupts into a raging vortex. The clones behind him begin to growl—low, guttural, animalistic.

BEYONDER KANG
NOW... YOU WILL ALL KNOW...

Beyonder Kang raises his hand as a ripple of energy trembles through the battlefield. His clones snap into formation—a living wall of destruction, their bodies shimmering in and out of probabilities.

BEYONDER KANG (CONT'D)
THAT I AM THE KANG WHO WINS!

The clones charge—an unstoppable wave of destruction. Their war cry shatters the silence.

KANG CLONES
KANG! KANG! KANG!

The Kang Council retaliates, unleashing waves of temporal energy, but they are overwhelmed by Beyonder Kang's army. The clones tear into them like rabid animals, their movements precise and deadly. The storm above grows fiercer, its lightning striking indiscriminately, tearing apart the battlefield.

And so, the Great Multiversal War begins.

Beyonder Kang rockets into the air, colliding with Immortus and Rama-Tut in an impact so powerful it creates a shockwave that fractures reality itself.

The fabric of the multiverse begins to fray, glowing threads

of space-time unraveling and disintegrating into voids.

As they grapple mid-air, Immortus summons the power of the Nega-Bands, unleashing a torrent of golden energy. Rama-Tut draws on his scepter to fire a fury of beams but Beyonder Kang counters with the 10 Rings, their energy forming a swirling shield around him. The forces collide, creating a storm of light and sound that shakes the skies around them.

142 EXT. YGGDRASIL - CONTINUOUS 142

As the Multiversal Kang War intensifies, shockwaves ripple through the multiverse. The very fabric of reality begins to tear apart, the branches of Yggdrasil splintering apart as the battle rages on.

Loki, knowing the end is near, struggles to hold the splintering timelines.

LOKI
(whispers)
Give me strength, father.

143 EXT. SKIES ABOVE EARTH - EARTH-616 - CONTINUED 143

Beside Hulk's lifeless form, Spider-Man shields a trembling Ms. Marvel, as she clings to him in terror. Above, a sky once full of stars has twisted into a chaotic graveyard of collapsing timelines, burning and folding in on themselves.

A violent rift slashes through the sky like a fresh wound. From the tear, a ship emerges—a fortress of cold, golden steel, cloaked in temporal energy. The TVA's ARK.

From the ARK's hull, bursts of light fire out—heroes emerging: The Fantastic Four, young Franklin Richards, Doctor Strange, Deadpool, Wolverine, Ghost Rider (Cage), and both Spider-Men(Maguire & Garfield) step forward.

They take in the scene: Beyonder Kang's army of Clones and the Council of Kangs engaged in a vicious brutal assault in the lands and skies above. The bodies of fallen heroes visible in the midst of the carnage.

Reed Richards, haunted by the finality of it all, snaps into action.

REED RICHARDS
(grim, urgent)
We're on borrowed time here people, we need to hurry!

DOCTOR STRANGE
(spots Spider-Man and Ms. Marvel)
Over there!

Deadpool and Wolverine leap first, hitting the ground running. Deadpool draws his katanas mid-air, slicing a Kang Soldier's throat before he even lands. He flips off a crumbling car, skewering another soldier through the chest.

DEADPOOL
Who's ready for some mutant-on-Kang violence?! Let's make this messier than my last situation-ship!

Wolverine charges in beside him, claws slicing through armor, his feral rage unleashed.

WOLVERINE
Move your asses or get sliced—your call!

As the two carve a bloody path, both Spider-Men—Tobey and Andrew—swing in next. Ahead, Spider-Man and Ms. Marvel are surrounded, Kang variants swarming like locusts, their weapons charging up to obliterate them.

Andrew's Spider-Man lands on a wrecked arch nearby, aiming a perfect shot—THWIP! A web yanks a group of Kang Solidera off their feet as he swings in with a powerful kick.

GARFIELD/SPIDER-MAN
Need a hand, kid?

Tobey's Spider-Man lands beside him, lifting a collapsed beam off Ms. Marvel with ease.

MAGUIRE/SPIDER-MAN
(warmly)
Peter 1, good to see your alright.

Spider-Man, battered and bleeding, looks up, his voice breathless.

SPIDER-MAN
You guys have no idea how happy I am to see you.

Suddenly—A WAVE OF KANGS CHARGE. The ground shakes as more variants pour in, relentless.

From the Ark, Reed Richards watches the unfolding chaos—TIME

CONTINUED:

IS RUNNING OUT.

REED RICHARDS
(furious, yelling)
GET BACK ON THE ARK—NOW!

The heroes fight their way back, each second stretching toward the inevitable collapse. The world beneath them breaks apart as the ARK's engines roar to life.

144 EXT. THE ARK - CONTINUED 144

The TVA's Ark shudders violently through the collopisoing vastnes sof the Multiverse. It's engines roaring as it tears through the carnage across tiemlines. Below them, the last fragments worlds are swept into oblivion.

145 INT. THE ARK - CONTINUED 145

Inside the ship, the surviving heroes watch in silence. Ms. Marvel clutches Spider-Man's hand, her fingers trembling. Tears streak down her face.

REED RICHARDS
(his voice a flat line, devoid of hope)
We're safe. For now.

The ship jolts, the temporal engines struggling to maintain course as they pass through the crumbling remnants of other doomed universes.

WOLVERINE
(holding on for dear life)
The hell we are.

146 EXT. SPACE BETWEEN SPACES - CONTINUED 146

The Ark drifts into the abyss between worlds—a place outside of time, beyond causality. Here, shattered remnants of destroyed universes float like corpses in an endless sea of darkness.

Nothing moves. Nothing breathes. This is where forgotten realities come to die.

DOCTOR STRANGE
(exhaling, exhausted)
This... isn't salvation. It's the eye of the storm.

147 EXT. EARTH-616 - NIGHTMARISH SKIES - CONTINUOUS 147

Above, as Earth-616 succumbs to the chaos of the incursions, Beyonder Kang, Rama-Tut, and Immortus clash in the sky. Fists and feet collide with brutal force, the 10 Rings flying through the air, striking with lethal precision. Beams from the Nega-Bands scorch the atmosphere around them.

With the velocity of a comet, their blows warping the very fabric of reality. The three Kangs spiral through shifting realities, each collision shattering space-time itself:

148 MULTIVERSE BATTLE SEQUENCE 148

A rapid montage of realities breaking apart as Beyonder Kang, Immortus and Rama-Tut continue their battle through many diffrent realties:

• A futuristic city collapses inward, its skyline devoured by a growing void as Beyonder Kang, in mid-air, grabs Rama-Tut in a choke-hold and stabs him with his scepter - reducing him to ashes. Beyonder Kang tackles Immortus into:

• A prehistoric jungle burns to ash in seconds, dinosaurs frozen mid-roar before disintegrating as Immortus and Beyonder Kang come crashing through and into:

• A world of sentient machines implodes, their bodies disintegrating into data dust. Beyonder Kang and Immortus mirror each other's movements, neither gaining nor losing ground, until they both spot the exact same opening. In perfect sync, they unleash thunderous punches, sending each other flying backwards with immense force:

The two Kangs crash through the Yggdrasil, its branches bending, twisting, screaming in protest.

149 EXT. YGGDRASIL - THE CENTER OF TIME 149

At the center of the Multiversal Tree, Loki struggles to hold the timelines together. His face is pale, his body trembling under the strain.

A cosmic storm rages—branches of Yggdrasil cracking, twisting, shattering under the weight of two unstoppable forces colliding. Beyonder Kang and Immortus' battle spirals closer, their energy tearing through the tree's roots.

LOKI
(pleading)
STOP! You're destroying everything!

Beyonder Kang studies Loki, carefully noticing the timelines

he is holding and some of them have already begin to disintegrate.

BEYONDER KANG and IMMORTUS slam into the heart of the tree, their battle tearing through timelines like paper, entire universes blinking out of existence with every blow. They spiral, locked in a collision of gods, their fists sending shockwaves rippling through time itself.

And then—

A GOLDEN SURGE OF POWER.

Loki, his hands outstretched, eyes blazing with divine fury, splits them apart, hurling them onto opposite ends of Yggdrasil's core.

The branches writhe beneath his feet as he struggles to hold them together. The weight of infinite timelines strains against his power, against his very essence.

His voice shakes, but his conviction is unbreakable.

LOKI (CONT'D)
(breathing heavy, pleading, yet commanding)
Stop. Please. You have to stop. You're gonna destroy everything—everything.

Beyonder Kang staggers, eyes dark with rage, breathing ragged. Immortus rises, snarling, power swirling around him.

LOKI (CONT'D)
(louder now, desperate, reflecting)
I've been where you are. I know what you're feeling, because I feel it too. I've seen it. The fear, the chaos—the emptiness. I know what happens if you keep going. I know how it ends. You know how it ends.

His grip tightens, golden tendrils wrapping around the dying branches, forcing them to hold together as time itself fights against him.

Immortus sneers, stepping forward, but Loki throws out a hand, halting him in place with a mere thought. The raw power flowing through him makes even the self-proclaimed god pause.

LOKI (CONT'D)
I understand you. I understand what it means to feel powerless, to be cast aside. To be afraid. But this?

CONTINUED:

He gestures to the collapsing multiverse around them, entire realities imploding in on themselves, screaming as they die.

LOKI (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
This is not how it has to be.

Beyonder Kang clenches his fists, the glow of the 10 Rings burning at his fingertips. Immortus' grip tightens around the Nega Bands, veins pulsing with cosmic fire.

LOKI
(voice breaking)
You have the chance to change. To stop this. To be something more.

A beat. A fleeting moment of silence lingers between the gods, the air thick with tension. Then, in an instant, darkness consumes the space. Immortus stretches out his hands, his fingers crackling with unimaginable power as he begins to absorb Loki and his remaining abilities. Loki, his body wracked with effort, struggles to resist, his hands trembling as he clings to the last threads of dying timelines.

WETILS

IMMORTUS
(cackles)
I owe you a debt of gratitude, Conqueror. Through your ceaseless ambition, you've taught me the ultimate truth—the very purpose of existence in this fractured Multiverse… is to watch it burn!

In a flash of blinding light, Beyonder Kang intervenes, his presence warping reality itself as he shields Loki from Immortus' attack. With a surge of his immense power, he drags Loki through the collapsing threads of time. Loki, still clutching the fading timelines, feels the last of his power being drained.

Loki looks up at Beyonder Kang, the light in his eyes fading as his strength slips away. The moment is fleeting, filled with a strange sorrow, before Beyonder Kang effortlessly tosses Loki aside.

The fading timelines—now hanging in limbo—glow with the same eerie energy that emanates from Beyonder Kang. The very fabric of the dying Multiverse pulses under his control, his grip tightening around its essence.

CONTINUED:

BEYONDER KANG
(eyes glowing with fierce resolve, voice a challenge)
So come and burn it.

Immortus lunges, fury blazing in his eyes. Beyonder Kang roars, his power surging within him. The two Kangs collide, but this time, Beyonder Kang unleashes a brutal flurry of kicks. The final kick lands - blasting Immortus back with cataclysmic force--

150 EXT. YGGDRASIL - CONTINUED 150

Immortus grinds his teeth, his fury consuming him as he propels himself back toward Beyonder Kang. The two clash once more, Beyonder Kang diving into the open air, his form cutting through the chaos. They collide again, the 10 Rings flying in every direction, while the wild energy of the Nega-Bands streaks across the sky, an inferno of destructive power.

The impact of their relics reverberates, a violent force greater than before, as timelines around them shatter and disintegrate—yet they remain oblivious to the collapse around them.

Locked in mid-air, they exchange vicious punches, kicks, and grapples—an unrelenting battle of wills, spinning through space.

Higher and higher they rise, their fight stretching beyond the branches of Yggdrasil, to the very pinnacle where the cosmos churns in burning chaos.

Below, the once-mighty tree flickers, a distant silhouette against the lightning-flash of collapsing timelines.

Beyonder Kang lands a brutal series of blows, stunning Immortus. For a fleeting moment, Immortus falters, twisting in midair, vulnerable.

Beyonder Kang ascends, a dark figure haloed by twin bolts of lightning that strike with divine fury, the jagged rays of light fracturing his silhouette against the chaos of the universe collapsing beneath them.

151 EXT. TOP OF YGGDRASIL - CONTINUED 151

Immortus, the once-mighty ruler staggers, his Nega-Bands flickering, the energy within them destabilizing. Beyonder Kang raises his hand, and timelines themselves tighten around Immortus, binding him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Immortus chokes, struggling to break free. The storm below rages, the branches of Yggdrasil twisting and groaning as the multiverse teeters on the brink of collapse.

Beyonder Kang approaches slowly, his shadow looming over Immortus, his expression a terrifying blend of cold calculation and pure fury.

BEYONDER KANG
Do you think this is new to me?

INSERT CUT: *Ravonna sleeps peacefully amidst the endless feilds of roses, her form curled softly in the warmth of the morning light. Kang, with a small rose in hand, lies beside her, his gaze tender as it traces the gentle curve of her cheek.*

Beyonder Kang advances, each step heavy with inevitability, as Immortus struggles, gasping for air, desperately trying to break free.

BEYONDER KANG (CONT'D)
Do you know how many rebellions I've put down?

INSERT CUT: *Kang stands over the shattered corpses of variant Avengers. In an animalistic-like rage, he vaporizes and incinerates everything and everyone around him.*

Beyonder Kang steps even closer, his presence looming with certainty, as Immortus continues to gasp for breath.

BEYONDER KANG (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
How many worlds I've conquered?

INSERT: *Kang unleashes a savage assault across multiple timelines, tearing them apart. Buildings collapse, and the cries of men, women, and children fill the air as worlds crumble, helpless beneath his merciless power*

Immortus' eyes widen in fear as the timelines tighten around his throat and limbs. Beyonder Kang's expression is cold, unyielding.

BEYONDER KANG
And you think you can beat me?

IMMORTUS
(gasping)
No-No!

BEYONDER KANG
I. AM. KANG.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With one final pull, Beyonder Kang rips Immortus apart, the Nega-Bands flying off in an blinding explosion of light -- and onto Beyonder Kang's wrists. Fusing perfectly into 10 Rings, both relics shifting and fusing with one another.

The cosmic abyss quakes. The roots of Yggdrasil crack and burn, succumbing to the weight of their decay. Entire timelines unravel, their threads disintegrating into oblivion.

The Ark speeds through the wreckage of collapsed realities, its engines shrieking against the weight of entropy itself. Inside, the survivors stare out, witnessing the horror:

An alternate Asgard crumbles beneath an apocalyptic storm, Mjolnir lying shattered at the feet of a fallen Thor. In another, a variant Wakanda is swallowed by a crimson tide, its people screaming as a twisted version of Namor leads an army of monstrous leviathans through the ruins.

152 INT. THE ARK - CONTINUED 152

The Heroes aboard the Ark cling to the viewports, watching the destruction unfold in paralyzing terror. The three Spider-Men watch in stunned silence as countless versions of themselves perish—each a hero, each a version that might have lived.

One Spider-Man variant falls from a collapsing Earth, reaching for a Mary Jane who is already lost to the void. Another fades into static, his reality wiped from existence in a silent, erasing blink.

Strange places a hand on Spider-Man's (Holland) shoulder, gripping tight. A silent acknowledgment of their shared failure.

Across the Ark, the Fantastic Four work frantically at control panels, trying to keep the ship stabilized. Reed Richards' normally unshakable composure begins to crack.

Franklin Richards clutches his father's arm. His young voice is quiet, but filled with dread.

FRANKLIN RICHARDS
(shaking, whispering)
Dad… there's nowhere left.

Reed doesn't answer. He knows.

153 EXT. YGGDRASIL - CONTINUED 153

BEYONDER KANG, floating in the midst of the collapsing
(CONTINUED)

multiverse, watches it all slip away. His eyes—once filled with cosmic dominance—now widen in terror.

He lunges forward, arms stretching, desperate hands clawing at the cascading threads of time.

BEYONDER KANG
NO!!

His roar ripples through the void, a god's defiance against oblivion. He dives toward the collapsing timelines, gripping as many as he can, his fingers wrapped in the last, dying vestiges of existence. Reality burns against his palms. The timelines pulse, flickering for a fleeting moment—like dying embers of a once-mighty fire.

He clenches them tighter, his face twisted in sheer anguish.

But it's too late.

The timelines fail to reignite. They shrivel in his grasp, turning to silvery ash, bleeding away like sand through his fingers. He watches, breath ragged, eyes shaking, as the final remnants of the Multiverse die in his hands.

Beyonder Kang's gaze snaps to the ARK. The last flicker of defiance in a universe that has already lost.

His breathing slows. His fingers twitch. And then—

RAVONNA (V.O)
Then let it burn. We'll rebuild. Together.

The words strike him like a surge of electricity—a decision is made. His arms flare outward, grasping onto the cosmic wreckage still lingering in the abyss. The power of the Nega Bands surges through him, colliding with the godlike energy of the 10 Rings.

The Void trembles. Time itself recoils as he pulls.

Like an engineer dismantling creation, he tears apart what remains—the few drifting remnants of doomed worlds, the floating ruins of entire timelines, the dying echoes of forgotten realms—all of it, he devours.

The energy floods into him.

The Nega Bands fuse with the 10 Rings even more, golden and blue intertwining like the very DNA of existence itself.

The Ark trembles, caught in the storm of his power.

154 INT. THE ARK - CONTINUED 154

Inside, the heroes brace themselves as the space outside distorts—warping, shifting, compressing.

WOLVERINE
What… what is he doing?

DOCTOR STRANGE
(weakly, his voice shaking)
He's… reshaping it. Everything.

Reed Richards scrambles to the console, trying to override the Ark's failing systems. His hands tremble as he studies the holographic display showing a growing void of energy surrounding the ship.

REED RICHARDS
Everyone hold on!

Sue holds Franklin tight to her, tears streaming down her face.

155 EXT. YGGDRASIL - CONTINUED 155

In the center of a swirling maelstrom of light and energy. The Ark is dwarfed by the scale of the destruction outside. Entire universes spiral toward Beyonder Kang like moths to a flame, their colors blending into a massive cosmic vortex.

With a deafening roar, Beyonder Kang slams his hands together, the Nega Bands and 10 Rings fusing into a single device—a glowing artifact shaped like a twisted, interlocking sphere. The artifact radiates pure, unfiltered energy, its light piercing through the Ark's hull, blinding the heroes as they gasp at the view outside the Ark changes—fractured realities twisting and melding into a singular landmass.

The Void itself begins to reshape, transforming from endless darkness into a sprawling, nightmarish cityscape.

And then—

REALITY SHATTERS.

OVER BLACK:

Billions of screams ripple through the void, echoing into the infinite blackness—before they eerily fall silent.

SMASH CUT TO:

156 INT/EXT. THE ARK/BATTLEWORLD - DAWN 156

The camera pushes through the viewport to reveal Battleworld, an amalgamation of countless destroyed worlds. The terrain is chaotic yet symmetrical, a patchwork of broken civilizations fused together.

A chunk of Earth-616 and Earth-601 rests beside the ruins of Earth-838, their landmarks merged grotesquely—Stark Tower stands twisted beside the ruins of Xavier's School, the Statue of Liberty fractured and overgrown with alien vines.

Above it all rises Chronopolis, a massive, glittering metropolis built from the remains of countless timelines. The architecture impossibly alien, with towering spires that seem to defy the laws of physics.

The sky is an eerie purple-green, swirling with residual energy from the collapsed multiverse.

157 INT. THE ARK - CONTINUED 157

As the heroes regain consciousness, they are frozen in shock, their bodies ensnared by chains of energy. Their faces pale as they take in the grim new reality outside.

Wolverine struggles against them, his claws scraping against the floor, but it's no use. Ms. Marvel cries out, tears streaming down her face as the chains pin her in place. Doctor Strange tries to summon a spell, but his magic is nullified.

Deadpool, takes off his mask - his usual banter absent.

DEADPOOL
(panic creeping in)
No. No. No.

158 EXT. THE ARK - BATTLEWORLD - CONTINUED 158

The camera pulls back, revealing The Ark, surrounded by the vast expanse of Chronopolis. The city's towers stretch endlessly into the sky, a chilling reminder of Beyonder Kang's dominance.

159 EXT. BATTLEWORLD - ROSE FIELDS - TWIN SUNSET 159

The camera pans across the newly formed Battleworld, among this chaos-made-beauty lies a vast expanse of rose fields, their vibrant crimson petals swaying gently in the breeze.

A soft, haunting melody drifts through the air, a mixture of otherworldly tones and faint echoes of a forgotten lullaby.

(CONTINUED)

The twin suns hang low on the horizon, casting the sky in hues of lavender, and fiery orange. The light bathes the fields in an ethereal glow, the roses shimmering as if touched by stardust.

Through the heart of this serenity strides Kang, his steps slow and deliberate. He is no longer the warlord draped in armor. Instead, his regal tunic flows around him, catching the gentle wind, a striking contrast to the fields' delicate beauty. His face, so often hardened by battle and loss, is now softened by an unspoken peace.

As Kang walks, his fingers reach out, brushing lightly against the rose petals. The camera lingers on his fingertips grazing the vibrant petals, a visual echo of fleeting memories. A faint smile, almost imperceptible, forms on his lips as he takes in the overwhelming beauty.

Kang crests a gentle hill, the camera pulling back to reveal the vast expanse of rose fields stretching endlessly toward the horizon. At the edge of this paradise, beneath the shade of an apple tree, stands a solitary figure—Ravonna. Her silhouette is bathed in the warm glow of the twin suns, framed by their radiant light.

His breath catches. His stoic demeanor falters, replaced by a vulnerability rarely seen. He hesitates for a moment, his eyes filled with disbelief and longing as he watches her.

As Kang approaches, she turns slowly, her face illuminated by the light.

She is glowing—not just from the twin suns, but from within. Her hand rests on her rounded stomach, visibly pregnant, a vision of life and hope. Her smile is warm, radiant, and eternal. Her eyes meet Kang's, and for the first time in what feels like millennia, he sees her without pain or regret.

Kang's lips part slightly, holding a single perfect rose he picked from the field.

Ravonna's smile deepens. She extends her hand toward him, her palm open and welcoming. Her voice is soft, melodic, filled with warmth that resonates through the air.

RAVONNA
You came back.

Overcome with emotion, Kang steps forward, gently placing the rose in her outstretched hand. The camera lingers on the moment as their fingers touch. A tear slips down Kang's cheek, catching the fading sunlight.

KANG
(softly)
For all time… always, my love.

Ravonna's eyes glisten with tears as she steps into his arms, the rose pressed between them. Her hand gently caresses his face, as if trying to memorize every line. The roses around them seem to glow brighter, as if sharing in their moment. The music swells, carrying a bittersweet undertone—joy tempered by the weight of their journey.

Kang and Ravonna share a deep, passionate kiss, their silhouettes blending into the warm light. The rose petals swirl around them, carried by a gentle wind.

The image lingers for a moment, serene and eternal.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.

W E L L S